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Boston. Arlington street Church

# A Memorial of the Federal-street Meeting-house.

A

# DISCOURSE

PREACHED ON SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1859,

BY REV. EZRA S. GANNETT;

AND

# ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE AFTERNOON OF THAT DAY,

BY

REV. S. B. CRUFT, REV. A. SMITH,
REV. F. W. HOLLAND, REV. R. P. ROGERS,
REV. R. C. WATERSTON.

With an Appendix.

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# SERVICES

AT

# The Federal-street Meeting-house,

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1859.

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## A. M.

Voluntary and Anthem.

VERSES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

HYMN I.—L.M.

*(Sung at the Dedication, Nov.* 22, 1809; *being the* 100*th Psalm of Belknap's Collection.)*

PRAYER.

READING FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

FAREWELL, ye walls! though, in your sacred square,
The feet of many a saint have loved to walk;
Farewell, ye walls! though, through your charmèd air,
Echoes, and more than echoes, seem to talk.

Oh! not within the house that man has reared,
Or man has hallowed, is God's Spirit bound:
It runs and sanctifies, adored, endeared;
For ever present and sufficient found.

Nor let us think, that all the fervid speech,
The preacher utters when his triumphs come,
Has more of human worth or heavenly reach
Than the heart's prayer that rises and is dumb.

We thank Thee, Father! for thy good gifts here,
In spoken word and feeling unexpressed:
Let thy full grace be, as aforetime, near,
Go with our steps, and lodge where'er we rest.

Now lift the Ark, God's testimonial sign!
May Union hold it by its golden rings;
His Law laid up within its awful shrine,
Its lid arched over with the cherubs' wings!

SERMON.

PRAYER.

DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

BENEDICTION.

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## P. M.

Voluntary and Sentence.

PRAYER BY REV. CHARLES F. BARNARD.

READING OF SCRIPTURES BY REV. JAMES I. T. COOLIDGE.

READING OF HYMN BY REV. THOMAS DAWES.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

Thou who didst aid our sires to raise
Of old this house of prayer and praise;
Thou who hast here thy influence given,
And made this place the gate of heaven, —

As from this sacred shrine we part,
Quicken each soul, inspire each heart;
And bless in love the hallowed Past,
While the immortal ages last.

Great Source of life! oh, grant each hour
Thy guiding hand, thy quickening power!
The Future, Lord, with trust and prayer,
We leave to thy protecting care.

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## ADDRESS BY REV. SAMUEL B. CRUFT.

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## ADDRESS BY REV. FREDERIC W. HOLLAND.

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## READING OF HYMN BY REV. EDWARD C. GUILD.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

FAREWELL to aisle and altar!
What bear we forth to-day,
As from these sacred portals
We slowly pass away?

Not fragrant censers, flinging
Sweet vapors on the air;
Nor pictured saints and angels,
Nor sacred vessels rare.

But, from our hearts arising,
Incense of prayer and praise;
And, clear on Memory's canvas,
The forms of other days;

One who here stood and taught us,
From out the holy Book,
Divinest truth and highest,
With thrilling tone and look;

Words holy men have uttered
Within this house of prayer;
Thoughts of the loved and vanished, —
Upon our hearts we bear.

Each treasure we have gathered
Of memory, faith, or love,
Bear we from out this temple
To our Father's house above.

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ADDRESS BY REV. AMOS SMITH.

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ADDRESS BY REV. ROBERT P. ROGERS.

---

ADDRESS BY REV. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

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## HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

THE hour has come when we must leave
This temple loved and hallowed long;
Whose walls have witnessed many a scene,
Making our hearts and hopes more strong.

So half a century has fled;
So time through constant change will move:
But Thou, great God! hast been the same;
Still bless us with thy ceaseless love.

Another temple we will raise,
Where present Thou, O Lord! wilt be;
And there, as here, our souls, in praise,
Will join in songs and prayer to Thee.

United may we still remain,
A living church to win thy love;
And may we long his service claim
Who guides us to thy house above!

Let habit's chain and memory's charm
Not bind us to one scene or place;
But may our constant hearts unite
To glorify thy boundless grace!

---

BENEDICTION BY THE PASTOR.

A

# DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE FEDERAL-STREET MEETING-HOUSE,

ON THE LAST SUNDAY OF ITS USE FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP,

March 13, 1859.

BY EZRA S. GANNETT,

MINISTER OF THE CONGREGATION.

# DISCOURSE.

HAGGAI ii. 3: "WHO IS LEFT AMONG YOU THAT SAW THIS HOUSE IN HER FIRST GLORY?"

To the thoughtful and candid observer, life is a constant disclosure of the wisdom that superintends human affairs. Conditions of existence, gently but rigidly enforced, surround us on every side. Freedom is maintained only under subjection to an infinite Will. Contingency is not allowed to overthrow law.

One of the conditions of existence with man, as with every created thing, is change. We live in the midst of mutability. Forms and appearances, methods and means, change. The individual disappears, after numberless vicissitudes that have entered into his experience. Generations pass away. The earth and the heavens change. Nothing is permanent but God and truth, dependence and want. Yet over all the instability of mortal things presides the eternal Wisdom, like sunshine falling on the restless waters, to give assurance of safety. He in whose hand the

universe lies secure will not let fluctuation and decay prevail against the good of his creatures. Other agencies are brought into exercise. The principle of compensation takes effect. That which perishes in one form abides in another. What the eye loses, the heart retains. The sentiments never die. Recollection and hope provide an equivalent for present pain. Inconstancy becomes an element of instruction, and life is enriched with treasured memories and sacred associations.

The circumstances under which we are met remind us of these familiar truths. After this day, the building in which we are assembled will throw open its doors, as an invitation to worship, no more. The demand of those social tendencies which it is vain to resist compels us to leave a spot endeared by holy uses. It is a sad hour with many of us. For years, this has been the home of our ecclesiastical life. Hither have we brought our joys and our sorrows, that they might be sanctified and blessed. Here have we lifted up our silent prayers, and bowed the reverent heart. Here have we sat together at the Master's feet, and looked with tearful eyes on his cross. Here have we studied the lessons of Providence, beneath the light of the unclouded gospel. Here have we consecrated ourselves to duty, and, again, on this altar have laid our confession of unfaithful service. Within these walls have they who are now worshipping in a higher temple prostrated their

souls before the invisible Presence, and learned the rudiments of the celestial speech. In this pulpit stood the friend, preacher, saint, whose name is the watchword of our faith and the oracle of our hearts. On this spot have been held the annual assemblies of our brethren, who, from widely separated parts of the land, have regarded this house with an almost filial interest. A thousand tender remembrances throng upon us, which can never be dissociated from the place. To-day, however, we observe our farewell solemnities. Constrained by circumstances beyond our control, we have yielded to the compulsion, and relinquish to secular uses the ground hallowed by a century and a quarter of ecclesiastical immunity. For a long time has it been foreseen by those who marked the changes in the character of the population, and the aspect of the streets, in this part of the city, that this day must come. Three distinct attempts have been made, within the last fifteen years, to procure a site to which we might remove without too great inconvenience to a majority of the congregation. A fourth has resulted in a choice, which, though unacceptable to some, has been approved by the judgment of the larger number, as the best at our command. Painful as it is to leave a place with which we are connected by some of the deepest experiences of the inner life, the way has seemed to be pointed out by the finger of Providence. Sentiment has added its warmth to the decision of the cooler judgment; for they who loved

the memories of the past, when the alternative of decay and extinction, or removal and permanence, was brought before them, were impelled by a reverential gratitude to sacrifice the material structure to the spiritual union. Our decision has been made; I hope, not unwisely; I trust, not to the production of any permanent discontent; I am sure, with as near an approach to unanimity as could have been expected.

In the mingled feelings which this day is suited to awaken, we can all sympathize. Over our sadness is spread the glow of a common property in the historic associations of this religious society. The last hour of our worship in this house can be spent in no way more agreeable, I may presume, to your wishes or expectations, than in recalling the events of our parochial life. If this building alone would be delivered over to other uses than those through which it has become dear to us, we might confine ourselves to the period which to our minds it represents, and to the ministry which, during the greater part of that period, lifted it into a distinction enjoyed by few similar structures. Even with the task so narrowed, how few of you, my friends, would be able, by personal recollection, to confirm the accuracy of my references to the commencement of this period! What a change do fifty years make in the members of a Christian congregation! "Who is left among you that saw this house in its first glory," on the day when it was

dedicated to the worship of Almighty God? Whole families have disappeared, and a very different congregation now occupy these seats from that which originally filled them. It is not to the last half-century, however, that I may confine myself. The ground on which this building rests has passed out of our possession, and we must leave that also to be seized for its own purposes by the insatiate spirit of traffic. We are led back, therefore, by the character of our present service, to the origin of this society, and must trace its growth and fortunes from that hour to the present. Brief will be the sketch I shall lay before you; for the facts to which I shall need to advert are few.

The congregation connected with the Presbyterian meeting-house in Long Lane, as it was originally called, like the community in the bosom of which it arose, owes its existence to the hardships to which honest men were subjected on the other side of the Atlantic. In the year 1727, a company of persons — "religious, moral, and industrious people," as they are, doubtless justly, described by one of their descendants — emigrated from the northern counties of Ireland to Boston; induced to take this step in part by considerations of a worldly nature, but chiefly by their desire to enjoy civil and religious liberty. Hereditary associations, however, connected them with Great Britain rather than with Ireland; their ancestors having, about a century earlier, crossed from

Scotland to the sister isle. Like other similar emigrants who established themselves in the Province of New Hampshire, they were, therefore, known as Scotch-Irish. The records of marriages and births, which are the only written memorials extant of the first years of our parochial history, afford, in the names which they present, abundant proof of this mixed lineage; the Scotch element having largely the preponderance. Soon after their arrival, their religious habits led them to seek a place of social worship; and, as tradition affirms, they bought a piece of ground at the corner of Bury Street and Long Lane, on which stood a barn, which they converted into a rude, but probably comfortable, meeting-house. The superintendence of the alteration was intrusted to one of the company, between whom and the other members a dispute arose as the work proceeded, of so serious a nature that it was necessary to submit the matter to arbitration; and the terms in which, according to the decision of the referees, the property was conveyed to the congregation by their agent, against any future claim on his part, became the occasion of the suit in which, a few years ago, we were obliged to defend our title in a court of law, and which, on every one of the points raised in the case, was decided in our favor.

The history which has this beginning includes two other events, which divide it into three distinct periods: the first extending from 1729, which ap-

pears to have been the year in which worship was first held on this spot, to 1786, when the society, of their own will, exchanged the Presbyterian for the Congregational form of church discipline; the second, from 1786 to 1819, at which time they may be said to have unequivocally renounced the Trinitarian faith, by the sympathy which they showed with their minister after the delivery of his sermon at the ordination of Mr. Sparks in Baltimore; and the third reaching from that time to the present. The first of these periods includes the ministries of Mr. Moorhead and Mr. Annan; the second, those of Dr. Belknap and Dr. Popkin, with the first sixteen years of Dr. Channing's; the third, the last twenty-three years of Dr. Channing's life, and the subsequent seventeen years.

The first minister of the congregation was the Rev. John Moorhead, who was born near Belfast, in Ireland; was graduated at the University in Edinburgh; and came to this country a young man, but whether before or after receiving ordination is unknown. For at least forty-four years, he was the faithful pastor of the flock, which increased under his oversight. In six years, the number of communicants had risen, it is said, to about two hundred and fifty. The meeting-house was enlarged by the addition of two wings; and afterwards, in 1744, was replaced by a more convenient and sightly edifice, bearing a general resemblance to the New-England meeting-houses

of that day. Mr. Moorhead, if I may judge from what is known of him, had strong traits of character. His abilities must have been respectable, and his professional labors constant. Severe, perhaps, in manner, and inclined to an exercise of clerical authority which in our loose times would not be tolerated, he secured the warm respect of his people by his interest in their concerns, temporal and spiritual, his plain and affectionate remonstrance in every case of delinquency, his solicitude for their religious welfare, his impartial treatment of all classes, and his unquestioned personal worth. In his preaching, he relied on the solidity of his matter, rather than on any grace of style; but his sermons derived from an earnest delivery more than could have been given them by rhetorical ornament. Conscientiously attached to the Presbyterian church, and decidedly Calvinistic in his faith, he nearly filled out a half-century of professional service; and died on the 2d of December, 1773, having preached on the previous Sunday without any apparent decay of his usual force. His name should be held in honored remembrance, as that of a useful and devoted minister of Christ.

Our acquaintance with the history of the congregation during Mr. Moorhead's life, and for some time later, is derived almost wholly from the scanty notices, which can be found in one and another publication, prepared from a few memoranda of an earlier date or from reminiscences furnished by some of the sur-

vivors of that period. The records alike of the society and of the church for many years, with the exception of the register of baptisms and marriages to which I have alluded, are irrecoverably lost. How or when they disappeared, it is impossible to say. It has often been repeated, but I do not know on what authority, that certain members of the society, royalists in the time of the Revolution, fled to Nova Scotia with other refugees, and took the records with them: an improbable story, yet entitled to some credence in the want of any other and better explanation.

An interval of ten years followed the death of Mr. Moorhead, during which the society sensibly declined, though with occasional tokens of inherent vigor. One emphatic proof of vitality was given in their relinquishment of a connection with the presbytery of which they had formed a part, in consequence of what they considered improper interference with their arrangements, — an intimation of the spirit which they exhibited a few years later, when they adopted the principle of Congregational independence as the basis of their ecclesiastical state. For a short time previous to this change, they put themselves under the care of a presbytery in New York; but in 1786, of their own free will and by a formal vote, they renounced the Presbyterian order of church polity entirely and for ever. With this act commenced the second period in their history. We have seen them a united and prosperous people under their faithful

minister. "They were poor," said the preacher of fifty years ago; "but it was an honest poverty, cheered and adorned by religion." The troublous times of the Revolution could not but affect their condition. They became weakened by external trials and internal divisions. In 1783, the Rev. Robert Annan was installed as their pastor; but he remained a short time only. Infelicities of temper seem to have prevented his restoring the harmony which was needed alike for comfort and for strength. In 1786, he left them, and became the minister of a congregation in the city of Philadelphia; whence he afterwards removed to Baltimore, and subsequently made his home in the interior of Pennsylvania.

Having taken the conduct of their affairs into their own hands, the society in Long Lane invited the Rev. Jeremy Belknap to become their minister. A native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard College, a teacher while pursuing his preparation for the pulpit, and then for nearly twenty years engaged in the active duties of his profession, while, at the same time, he cherished habits of careful study, entered into a wide correspondence, and made himself favorably known beyond the sphere of his personal influence, Dr. Belknap was admirably qualified to fill the place which he accepted, having been compelled to leave Dover by the inadequacy of the compensation provided for his domestic necessities. His settlement in Boston was as happy an event for the town as for the congrega-

tion of which he assumed the charge. The interest which he took in all literary and humane enterprises, his ardent patriotism, the genial qualities of his heart and the blameless tenor of his life, his constant industry and professional fidelity, made him an object of universal respect and esteem. His intellect, though neither brilliant nor massive, had that element of available and persistent force which men of genius often lack. His tastes led him to choose a department of study which was then little cultivated in this country. Historical and antiquarian research employed a large part of the time that was at his disposal. The Massachusetts Historical Society, which within our own day has called laborious talent and eloquent speech into its service, may claim him as its founder. His "History of New Hampshire" and his "American Biography" attest the diligence and impartiality of his investigations, and will remain sources of valuable information to future writers. His sermons were plain and practical: controversy he disliked. His theological opinions are sufficiently indicated by the concluding paragraph of the preface to his Collection of "Psalms and Hymns:" — "In this selection, those Christians who do not scruple to sing praises to their Redeemer and Sanctifier will find materials for such a sublime enjoyment; whilst others, whose tenderness of conscience may oblige them to confine their addresses to the Father only, will find no deficiency of matter suited to their idea of

'the chaste and awful spirit of devotion.'" This publication alone would entitle him to our high respect. Its superiority, in point of doctrine and taste, to the books which had been previously used; the broad catholicity of its tone; and its general excellence as a manual of sacred poetry, — make it one of the landmarks by which we trace the progress of religious thought in this country. Superseded, it can never be forgotten. It was adopted by many of the liberal congregations of this town and neighborhood. By this society, it was retained in use for forty years after the death of its compiler.

Dr. Belknap's weight of character, and mental accomplishments, may be inferred from the influence which he acquired in a ministry that extended over but eleven years. At the age of fifty-four, he was suddenly removed from usefulness on earth to the recompense of the just on high: suddenly, yet not without such previous warning as had deepened his sense of the uncertainty of life. Still, in the midst of his usual health, he was struck by the blow, which, in a few hours, set his spirit free. There are some in this congregation from whose memories his image has not faded away. One name only, of the seven appended to the letter which invited him to Boston, do we still find on the list of our parochial households; but other names on that list are borne by descendants of those who were then active members of the congregation, themselves the inheritors of blessings which

he invoked on their young heads. They will not think that their ears have now been abused by terms of eulogistic admiration.

It was soon after Dr. Belknap's removal to Boston, that the meeting-house which then stood on this spot was used for a purpose that has given it an imperishable celebrity in the annals of our Commonwealth. The Convention which assembled in this town on the 9th of January, 1788, for the purpose of ratifying or rejecting the Constitution, or "Frame of Government for the United States," which had been reported by the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, held their first sessions at the State House: but, finding the accommodations which that edifice could offer them too narrow, adjourned, after one or two trials of the meeting-house in Brattle Street, to this place; where the pews on the ground-floor were appropriated to members of the Convention, the galleries were given up to spectators, and the pulpit was, by vote, "assigned for the gentlemen of the clergy who might be in town," — a circumstance not unworthy of notice, as marking the attitude of the times. Certain temporary conveniences were added by the Proprietors, at their own expense; and here the Convention, after almost a month spent in earnest debate, did, on the 6th of February, 1788, by a majority of nineteen votes out of three hundred and fifty-five, "in the name and in behalf of the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, assent to and ratify the said

Constitution for the United States of America." In consequence of this act, the street, which had before been known by the somewhat discourteous designation of Long Lane, received the memorable name of Federal Street; not, however, by a decision of the municipal authorities, or of the inhabitants "in legal town-meeting assembled," but by the spontaneous and enthusiastic declaration of the people, as on the 13th of February, "in grand procession," to use the words of the document issued at the time, they moved through the streets, and enjoined on all their fellow-citizens to adopt this name, for the sake, among other reasons given, of "insuring domestic tranquillity, and providing for the diffusion of federal sentiments." Associated, by such occurrences, with the purest principles and best hopes of American patriotism; acknowledging, through its name, the value of the liberty and the union which are the corner-stones of our political existence, — this spot has ever remained faithful to its historical endowment. When the discourse of the preacher has turned aside from more sacred themes to speak of the civil interests of the land, liberty and union have been the lights by which he has been guided.

The ministry which succeeded Dr. Belknap's was of short duration; not from any real disability of the incumbent, nor from discontent on the part of the people, but from the extreme conscientiousness and painful diffidence of the Rev. John Snelling Popkin.

Ordained on the 10th of July, 1799, he insisted, after a service of three years, on a dismission; which was finally granted in November, 1802. His self-distrust is manifest in the letters which he addressed to the Proprietors, entreating them to release him from his pastoral connection. In one of these communications, he speaks of his "strong impression that he can no longer hope to be useful to the society, even with the enjoyment of health and tranquillity," both of which had been impaired by an indulgence of morbid feeling. "I cannot," he adds, "conceal the mortification that I suffer, when I consider that my ministry with you has proved such a disappointment." The people reluctantly yielded to a request prompted by a judgment in which they could not concur. Two years later, Mr. Popkin was installed over a congregation in Newbury; where he remained till the year 1815, when he accepted an invitation to fill a professorship at Cambridge. Here he found employment and society agreeable to his quiet tastes and sensitive temperament. At Newbury, he was greatly beloved, and proved himself, if not a popular preacher, a devoted minister of Jesus Christ; consecrating himself to the service of his people, as one who knew him well has said, "with a fidelity and disinterestedness that gained him their constant approbation, respect, and gratitude." At the University, his eccentricities were a subject of pleasant remark, but never of derision. Simple in his ways, studious in his habits, gentle in

spirit, a thorough classical scholar, a constant reader of the Bible, a firm believer, a meek disciple of the Lord, — I speak from my own recollection, when I say that we should as soon have thought of forfeiting our manliness as of treating Dr. Popkin with disrespect. His religious faith connected him with the advocates of the prevalent theology of his times; but his spirit kept him from extreme opinions of any kind. He took no sectarian name, and admitted into his mind no bitter prejudice. The last nineteen years of his life were passed in tranquil retirement in Cambridge, where he died at an advanced age. Peace to the memory of an honored and beloved instructor!

The vacancy created by Mr. Popkin's resignation was, after a few months, filled by the choice of the Rev. William Ellery Channing as his successor. The ordination took place on the 1st of June, 1803. Of him, I need not speak before this audience; yet how can I be silent? The lapse of sixteen years has not effaced the impression he made on our minds, nor extinguished the sensibility with which we pronounce his name. To tell you of his birthplace or his education; to delineate his character or to describe his influence; to trace the course of his ministry or the growth of his reputation; to define the position which he held as a theologian or as a philanthropist; to repeat the truths which touched his lips with a holy fervor, or to translate into cold words the enthusiasm which he enkindled, — would be to undertake

a task with which you are yourselves familiar. Of the personal qualities which endeared him to our hearts; of the purity of life which inspired a reverence that chastened our love; of the persuasion that dwelt on his tongue; of the prayers that opened the gates of heaven to our souls; of the tenderness that pitied the wrong-doer, or the faithfulness that rebuked his sin; of the holy seasons which we have spent in this house, when, caught by the spell of his discourse, our thoughts have left the world, and risen to God; of the awe-struck delight with which we have followed him into the secrecy of the Saviour's mediatorial work; of all we have learned and all we have enjoyed, through our privilege of near approach to him, — I need not speak in terms that would but poorly represent your own experience. On his relation to our community and to the world, to our age and to future time, I will not enlarge. It is of his connection with this religious society, that I may now say that which shall be true to the past and to the present, to the instruction no longer heard and to the influence that cannot die.

Mr. Channing found this congregation in a feeble state. He gave to their invitation the preference over one that in some respects might have seemed more advantageous, because their number was small and the members were comparatively humble. Not ambitious of distinction, he wished for an opportunity of bringing the gospel, which was his study and his

joy, near to the consciousness of careless or struggling souls; and this was a work which, he thought, might be better done with a small than with a large society. His physical powers, too, were unequal to the demand which would have been made on them by the wants of a numerous congregation. He therefore came to Federal Street. But the audience which he did not seek sought him, and they who heard desired a closer union with the preacher. The thinly occupied seats were filled; the worshippers outgrew their place of meeting; and seven years had not passed away, before that humble minister, with his slightly built frame and unostentatious labor, had gathered around him such a company of friends, that the erection of a more spacious edifice had become indispensable. The building in which to-day, for the last time, we hold our religious services, sprang from a perception of that necessity. It lacks but one month of a half-century since the corner-stone was laid. A report, explanatory of the principles that should be followed in making a transfer of property from the old house to one that should take its place, was offered on the 9th of January, 1809, to a meeting of the Proprietors, at which nineteen were present, of whom two only are now living: one, at that time clerk of the society, afterwards an officer of the church, and now an honored representative of the past, whose sympathies still bind him to the sanctuary which bodily infirmities seldom allow

him to enter; the other, a resident of our city, but a worshipper at another altar. How pertinent the question addressed to those who meditated the rebuilding of their ancient temple, — "Who is left among you that saw this house in its first glory?" — with the fresh consecration of prayer upon its walls! Those walls have not yet fallen into ruins; but circumstances, as inexorable as the armies that plundered Jerusalem, drive us from their shelter. The dropping leaves of another autumn will mark the close of the fiftieth year since this house was first opened for public worship. The dedicatory services were held on the morning of Nov. 23, 1809. The notice taken of the occasion in the newspapers of the week suggests, by its brevity, a comparison with the details of local intelligence that fill the columns of our present journals. I had hoped to find some description that would supply the dearth of parochial memoranda; but all the satisfaction my curiosity has obtained was drawn from a paragraph embracing these half-dozen lines: "On Thursday, the new and beautiful meeting-house, built in imitation of the Gothic style, in Federal Street, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God. The introductory prayer and services by the Rev. Dr. Kirkland; the dedicatory sermon (from Psalm c. 2 and 4) by Rev. Mr. Channing, the pastor of the congregation; and the concluding prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop." To another paper published in the town we are indebted

for the knowledge, of which we have made a partial use to-day, that "Psalms 87, 100, and 132 were sung in the course of the services by an excellent choir." Dr. Channing's sermon was founded on the text, "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." It is a simple, affectionate, and deeply religious discourse, presenting the characteristics of thought and expression that marked the preaching of his earlier years, before he had reached the lofty freedom and broad vision which distinguish his later productions. He proposes five several reasons why the people should enter their new house with joy: on account of "the worship to which it is devoted;" "the instruction to which also it is devoted;" "its happy influence on their temper and dispositions towards their fellow-beings;" "its beneficial aspect on civil society;" and "the influence it will have on the general interests of religion." A rapid mention of historical facts follows this treatment of the subject; and the sermon concludes with words of earnest exhortation, so expressive of the spirit by which he was always governed, that I am moved to quote a part of the final paragraph: —

"And now let me close with beseeching you to prove the purity and sincerity of your joy by attending with reverence, with cheerfulness, with constancy, on the services and instruction for which this sanctuary is erected. Let no future neglect prove that this dedication is a solemn

mockery, — that you have reared the house for ostentation, not for God. Remember that the great glory of a house of worship consists in the character of its worshippers; in the decent order, the seriousness, the fervor, the devout attention. Without these, vain are the pomp and splendor and beauty. Think not that I would speak slightly of the desire you have expressed to adorn the temple. No: let God be praised by all his works! Let genius and taste conspire to rear the splendid temple! Let the arched roof resound with his praise! Let religion be associated with every thing beautiful and magnificent in nature and art! But remember that to God, who is a pure spirit, these have no value but as they express and improve our hearts. The heart he delights in, — that temple where his creatures approach him with veneration and love. No ornament is, in his sight, of such price as a meek, devout, grateful spirit. We may, by outward splendor, draw the admiration of the worldly, we cannot bring God near. We cannot draw from heaven the spirit of grace and joy. I affect not to despise wealth or a simple grandeur in the style of worship; but this I can say from the depth of my heart, that it is my first desire to minister to a people who revere the word and institutions of God, and shall exhibit in their lives the power of Christianity. With such, whatever be their state, I should be happy. God grant that such a people may throng these courts; that the most striking object in this house may ever be the composed and solemn devotion of its worshippers!"

With such impressive words was this structure set apart to holy uses. On that day it wore "its first glory." It requires but a slight effort of the imagination to bring before us that delicate form and saintly brow, with the calmly impassioned manner (if the

verbal contradiction may be allowed), and the voice — of such wonderful quality — whose tones had the pathos of persuasion and the authority of inspiration; or to place ourselves in sympathy with the audience, as he on whom their eyes were fastened poured out his strong desire, — "May this church yet see many bright days! May the joyful anticipations of this moment be fulfilled! May you bring into this house that brotherly love, harmony, and peace, by which you were distinguished in your former sanctuary! Here may sincere prayer, thanks, and praises, warm from the heart, ascend as fragrant incense to the throne of God! Here may the divine word be dispensed in simplicity and uncorrupted purity, — with the ardor of conviction and the persuasiveness of affection!" Some of you, my friends, may have listened to these breathing sentences. Then are there some "left that saw this house in its first glory."

The building retains its original appearance. To the eye of a critical taste it may exhibit blemishes; but no great confidence is needed to sustain us in affirming that its beauties outnumber its faults. At the time of its erection, it was accounted one of the ornamental structures of the town. In a public journal of that day appeared some "Lines on viewing the new Meeting-house in Federal Street," as their title runs; not remarkable for poetical merit, but evidently written by one who had been brought to a consciousness of spiritual life by the instruction of

the future preacher within its walls. If their commencement betrays some extravagance of admiration, is it not pardonable; and may not a similar extravagance be pardoned in those of us, whose associations invest the material edifice with a sacred beauty?—

> "Crowned with new grace, with towering height sublime,
> Like a fair phœnix rising in its prime,—
> 'Mid circling domes in humbler grandeur spread,
> This sacred temple rears its matchless head;
> Whose spire majestic, piercing through the air,
> Lifts its proud point to heaven, and glitters there."

Dr. Channing's ministry continued to produce the best results. The congregation increased, its members became sincerely and actively religious, and the community began to feel the effect of such living instruction. A new style of preaching had been introduced by the ministers of the "Liberal" pulpits, as it was becoming common to style them. Among these preachers, Buckminster and Channing were pre-eminent; men of different mental structure, but each of them of the finest mould. Buckminster's death was a severe blow to the interests alike of pulpit eloquence and of biblical criticism. Had he lived, Dr. Channing would never, I think, have been drawn into theological controversy. Foreign as it was from his habits and his tastes, he would have left its weapons to be handled by one who was more familiar with their temper. When, however, he saw the truths which he valued, and the friends whom he loved, made the subjects of calumnious misrepresentation,

he took up his pen in their defence. The Unitarian controversy counted him as one of its earliest champions. As fearless as he was gentle, as honest as he was candid, he persevered in the exposition of scriptural doctrine, till no one could plead other than wilful ignorance of his opinions on the great questions then in debate. His sermon at Baltimore, to which I have already alluded, drew the line of distinction between the believers and the disbelievers in the popular theology with a sharpness and an ability that were decisive. From that moment, the two parties were arrayed in hostile positions. To Dr. Channing it was an occasion of anxiety, but not of embarrassment. He had discharged his duty, and awaited the issue. He used no other method of retaining an influence over his society than the plain and forcible vindication of his belief. The society stood by him. A few valued members left the church: their places were soon filled by new worshippers. And now began the third period of our parochial history. Not, as in the former case, by a direct vote, but by a gradual transition, the people had passed over to what was now known as Unitarianism. Dr. Channing neither coveted nor dreaded a sectarian name. If the interests of truth required him to take it, he did not refuse: when those interests could be promoted without it, he was glad to drop the technical terms of denominational difference. He was never a Trinitarian: he lived and died in the faith, of which the absolute unity of the

Father and the subordination of Christ are essential articles. But after he withdrew from dogmatic strife, and his attention was turned to the questions of a practical philanthropy which were acquiring importance, he felt little inclination to be dragged again into a service in which nothing but a sense of duty had ever made him take a part. With his full concurrence, and not without occasional encouragement from his voice and pen, his congregation remained avowedly Unitarian.

Dr. Channing's exertions in behalf of either doctrinal or practical Christianity, beyond the circle of his ministerial duties, did not render him inattentive to whatever means might be devised for the benefit of his own congregation. Preaching and pastoral visits were the chief agencies on which he relied; but other methods were tried, or were suggested by his wakeful mind. Meetings for religious discussion and the increase of Christian sympathy, an improved style and a more general support of church music, a Sunday school, and a parish library, were, at different periods, subjects of his recommendation. The parsonage, which was for some years a quiet and pleasant residence, had been erected a short time before the present meeting-house. Another building, he saw, was needed for social religious uses; and, in 1818, the vestry was erected. For many years, this building was in constant use, fulfilling its design. Here, winter after winter, and through the successive sea-

sons, have we held our weekly meetings for prayer and familiar exposition of the Bible. Informal in their character, but not less sacred in their influence than the more carefully conducted services of the Lord's Day, these meetings are among my pleasantest remembrances of the past. When we were forced to quit the apartment in which so many holy hours had been spent, it was not without sorrow that we saw it given over to neglect and its unwholesome concomitants. With proportionate pleasure have we seen it redeemed from disuse, and turned into an instrument of one of the most beneficent agencies that ever originated in an impulse of Christian faith, or in the quick perception of a woman's heart. It will not be the least agreeable of the recollections which we shall bear away from this spot, that the last use made of our vestry has connected it with a charity as efficient as it is attractive, and as broad as it is genuine.

His increasing professional engagements, with the continual interruption to which he was subject, after his name as a preacher and writer had become known, not only throughout our land, but in another hemisphere, were more than a physical system so delicate as Dr. Channing's could bear without injury. His health was so much impaired, that, in 1822, the society proposed to him to leave home for a year. He went abroad; but on his return, finding the restoration of his strength to be but partial, he addressed a letter to the Proprietors, in which he asked for aid in

conducting the services of the Lord's Day. In their reply, they suggested the settlement of a colleague; to which he immediately gave his cordial assent. In November, 1823, I was asked by Dr. Channing to preach in his pulpit. The acquaintance then began, which, through the invitation afterwards extended to me to share the ministry with him, grew into a permanent and close connection. I was ordained on the 30th of June, 1824; and for eighteen years enjoyed, in my relation to him, a tenderness of consideration and a steadfast kindness, of which I can never speak in terms of sufficient gratitude. Gradually he withdrew himself from an active share in the work, of which it was proper that the younger and the stronger in body should take the greater part. One winter he passed in the West Indies. His time was given more and more to the study of those great subjects, on which he wished to prepare such an expression of his views as should bear conclusive marks of sound and generous thought. The world was beginning to look to him as one of the authorized expounders of truth. His reverence for God, his faith in the divine mission and perfect character of Christ, his loyalty to the principle of freedom in its various relations, and his belief in the intrinsic worth of the nature with which man is endowed, conspired to make him a fit interpreter of the immutable and universal wisdom. His own hope was shaping itself into a definite outline, the expectation of others was approaching its highest

point, when the mysterious Providence, that is at once a light to our steps and a cloud on our hearts, removed him to the world to which God's servants are often taken when they seem to be most needed on earth. Christendom lost one of its noblest sons; humanity, one of its most heroic and most serene defenders; a liberal faith, one of its ablest vindicators and worthiest examples; and we, my hearers, a teacher and friend, whose place can never be supplied on this side of the grave. We celebrated his obsequies; we built his monument: but the testimony of a grateful and reverential love is hidden in those secret places of personal consciousness which only the all-searching Eye can penetrate.

The house which we shall soon leave, never to return to it, is intimately associated with the name and ministry of Channing. For him it was reared; by his prayers has it been hallowed; his instructions have cast on its walls the shadow of a divine glory. Here have we listened till our hearts have burned within us, and our eyes have filled with tears. Here have we felt the burthen of sin lifted off, while our souls have sunk in penitence beneath his words. Here have we learned from him to say, "Thy will be done." Here have we caught some glimpses of the heaven from which the clouds seemed to flee away at his bidding. And here, through his encouragement, have we gathered strength to meet life's warfare, and overcome the world by living in it as Christian men

and women. Ye who have come hither but of late years, you cannot know the conflict of emotions by which the hearts of many of your fellow-worshippers are rent. We are leaving the home of our spiritual life, where some of us first tasted the divine satisfactions which the Father gives to them who seek him. No other place can be to us what this has been; no other can recall the images which this summons from the unforgotten past. It is not a capricious will, but an inevitable necessity, that moves us to take up the ark of our faith, and bear it hence. God give it a safe and sure resting-place!

It is not needful nor proper that I should detain you, my friends, with any review of the last twenty years. The incidents that I could relate are not of sufficient importance to deserve mention at this time. I might speak, indeed, of the care which you have taken to preserve this edifice in good condition, as once and again you have made ample appropriations for external repairs or internal renovation; of the expense which you cheerfully incurred, when, fourteen years ago, you placed in yonder gallery the organ which has since enlivened our devotion by its rich and swelling sounds; or of the purpose you have shown to sustain the institution of public worship, with that judicious liberality which allows no want and creates no debt. I *must* speak, in a single sentence, of the obligation under which I have been laid by repeated acts of kindness, and of the

pleasure with which, through the thirty-five years of a pastoral connection that has never been overcast by any ungenerous treatment of yours, I have contemplated the harmony which has existed among the members of the congregation, — a harmony the more remarkable, in view of the various elements that are combined in our society, and the different inducements by which we have been drawn into a concurrent use of Christian privileges. It has been to me a source of satisfaction beyond my hope, that, year after year, we have kept our unity with so little loss of strength, except as death has taken from these seats, not the aged alone, but the vigorous and the young. Still I have seen, at no very distant day in the future, the fate which must come upon a society whose house of worship is remote, not only from the dwellings of those who had once enjoyed in its location the convenience of neighborhood, but from every class of the population which might be expected to furnish the means of replenishing the waste of time. And therefore I have not withheld the expression of a hope, that we might, before it was too late, provide for the removal which, in my judgment, could alone save us from final disappearance as a religious organization. That fate, I trust, is now averted.

We who have frequented the courts of this sanctuary are not the only persons interested in the change which we shall soon witness. For our " brethren and companions' sake," as well as on our own behalf, have

we been accustomed to say, "Peace be within these walls." For here have they come up with us, at the seasons of our solemn rejoicing, to hold their feasts of brotherly love. This house is hallowed by far-spreading memories, that take in the absent, the distant, the departed. On the floor of yonder vestry did the ministers of our faith assemble, in annual Conference, to compare the lessons of their experience, and to mature plans of wider usefulness. In these seats have rested the multitudes who came hither from the villages of the interior, the cities of the South, the rivers of the West, to exchange the greetings of a common hope. Nor is the interest felt in this building confined to our own land, vast as is the territory to which we give that appellation. In England, in France, in Germany, in Hindostan, in the isles of the sea, what we have done will be a subject of remark. The name of Channing has carried the associations of this spot to the ends of the earth. Eyes are watching us from the other side of the globe. I do not say this because you are insensible to the obligations which such a trust as we have in our hands imposes, but because we admit the force of these obligations, and would be faithful to their meaning. In a just interpretation, they require us to perpetuate the institutions which were built up by the labors of Channing and his predecessors. These institutions — more precious than the material structure, which is but a means of their growth and a

symbol of their efficacy — must not perish ; and therefore will we remove them beyond the reach of sudden disaster or slow decay.

With reverent hands, then, we take up the tabernacle of the Lord, and bear it to the place where it may abide in peace. Our sadness, as we look back, shall be tempered with the influence of the promise that lies before us. It is not a work of destruction which we meditate : *that* is but incidental. Preservation is the end we seek. The past shall not be forgotten, nor the present be clouded with apprehension. Grateful for what we have enjoyed, and for what we possess, we need not linger here to keep remembrance green. With a glad hope we lift our tabernacle, and bear it hence. Memories of other days ! go with us to anoint our enterprise. Sympathies of the departed ! go with us to cheer and strengthen our hearts. Influences of faith and love ! go with us to give success to our undertaking. Spirit of union ! go with us to keep the harmonies of our history unbroken. Cross of the Redeemer ! go with us to lead and crown our toil. Father of an infinite grace ! go with us to bless our purpose and fulfil our hope.

# ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE FEDERAL-STREET MEETING-HOUSE,

ON

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1859.

# ADDRESSES.

## REMARKS BY REV. SAMUEL B. CRUFT.

I HAVE been asked to speak a word of personal interest and sympathy, as one brought up among you; who has never gone very far from you, — the cord binding me to this altar hardly permitting that; as one who first received here the bread from heaven, that he might go and distribute of the same, as well as he might, poorly at best, to those hungering in the wilderness of life. But how hard to utter that word! There are times when the emotions of the heart are too deep for utterance; when we could not speak, even if we would. Others must speak for us; yet not even they can do full justice to the swelling thought. The scene, the occasion, must speak for itself. And better that *that* should speak, and we sit all in reverential silence to listen to its solemn word; and, while we thus muse, let the fire burn, — the fire of grateful faith, of seraphic devotion.

Is not the present such a scene, such an occasion? Verily it is. None certainly can feel it so more than myself. To none can this be a more hallowed spot. It is holy ground to me; for it hath been the gate of heaven to my soul. It is here my friends and kindred dwell, — friends and kindred in the Lord, the ascended and the crowned, and they who wait, with their mantle thrown about them waiting for their God.

From my childhood up, I have known no other sanctuary-home than this. I have gone out, indeed, as children grown up to man's estate must expect to go out, from the old native homestead, and have essayed to make a new home for myself. But, alas! how very poor it is, compared with the old mother-home, which so tenderly has cherished and faithfully has taught me, and kept me so warm with new spiritual life! It was at the hands of our ascended father that I received the water of baptism. It was here, at the table of the consecrated cup and bread, that I received from the same hand the warm grasp of Christian fellowship, when I joined myself in holy covenant to the Lord and to his service for ever. And, oh, those hallowed seasons! Who that has shared in them can ever forget the holy fragrance of devotion that came wafted in from the windows of heaven opened there and then so wide, — so very wide? It was here, among the lambs of the flock, I was long enrolled and tenderly watched, receiving Christian counsel from honored lips of those whose lives and labors have been for the healing of the bruised reed, for the upbuilding of "God's throne," for humanity in either hemisphere, — from lips long sealed in death, but unloosed above in louder praises and more faithful service in the more immediate presence of the Great Teacher.

And then came to me in turn the same blessed privilege, — freely having received, freely to give of my labors and prayers in building up the kingdom of the Good Shepherd here, in leading the youthful disciple beside the still waters of salvation into his peaceful fold. It was here, in ministering and in being ministered unto, that my faith in God and my brother man was quickened. A new consciousness I received of the value of all souls, of the equality and dignity of our common nature before the one Father. My sympathies became more actively engaged in behalf of the suffering and outcast. The poor, I learned

more to honor and respect by the fervid appeals made at this altar, and so nobly seconded, as by other faithful among the living and departed, so especially by one whose image ever rises up before me here, stamped with the divinity of faith and hope and love, as he worshipped with us in his latter days; that true apostle, that unwearied benefactor of his kind, — all the titles of earth blended into one, father and founder of the Ministry at Large.

Tuckerman and Channing — how tenderly, sacredly, beautifully, do their memories intertwine in the associations of this hour! Ever, for ever, be that union of those glorified twin-spirits dear to *our* hearts of this Christian society; inspiring us all to toil unweariedly on, with an invincible faith for the redemption of our brother man from all wrong, all suffering, all oppression; from every weight that most easily besets humanity!

I might thus go on, gleaning from the records of personal and spiritual experience; for this, I feel, should be an *experience* meeting. And would that others from among the laity might speak, who could draw so much deeper and better from their own hearts' fountains! But better, you may say again with me, not to speak now, but rather meditate and feel, be lifted up, warmed, penetrated, by the breathings of the Holy Spirit. Yea, hearken unto what the Spirit saith now to this church; hearken unto the hour, and not unto the man. And verily what voices we hear! what a tide of unspeakable emotions rushes over us! What inspiring, heaven-lifting associations gather around! How vocal are these walls!

"Echoes, and more than echoes, seem to talk."

What scenes, what experiences, have they looked down upon! What secret decisions, what recorded vows, what sealed verdicts, sent up to be opened in the court of heaven!

The historian Plutarch tells us somewhere of an ancient city, where the words were congealed when spoken, but after a time thawed and became audible. Is not this such a place? Do not the words, — all that have ever been spoken within these walls, — so brave and wise and holy, all thaw out in an hour like this, and speak with an emphasis that is not of earth? Verily, what a mighty congregation is gathered with us now, all waiting to speak in turn their valedictory! — those who have gone up so many more than those who yet remain!

> "The saints below and those above
> But one communion make."

They are with us now, the ascended and the glorified. They crowd these aisles, they occupy again these seats. They press to speak their own last word, making "sweet music on the air." And what is that word?

"Be thankful," would they not say? — thankful for the past, for the wise counsels, the faithful instructions, the fervent devotions, the hallowed sympathies, the new glimpses of the better life, the brighter visions of the Lord, that have here been enjoyed.

"Be penitent," would they not say? — penitent for the misuse of these golden opportunities, these abused trusts, these neglected talents, these unredeemed hours, these professions failing in the practice, these vows unregistered in heaven, these prayers unembodied in the life, these hearts of stone that infinite Love and infinite Pity would make hearts of flesh, and the Redeemer would take and seal as his own.

"And be trustful, be hopeful for the future," would they not also say? Have no doubts or misgivings as to the time to come, but be joyful in the Lord, and await his higher pleasure. Follow only the leadings of his providence. Take him with you as you bear away now the

sacramental ark. Keep his word ever near, hid in the heart, for ever rising into fuller measures of light and purity and love.

"Farewell!" they would respond with us, to these hallowed places, so soon to know us no more for ever. But with this word they would have us mingle no sad associations, no tearful regrets. It is a word never intended to be one of gloomy remembrance, but of joyful anticipation; looking not so much back to the past as onward to the future; being not so much a recollection as a wish, — a bright, happy, hopeful wish. "Farewell!" they would respond. "Be it ever well with you in the future; be it well with you in your homes; well with you in your hearts; well with you in the tabernacle of your temporary sojourn; well with you in the new temple you may live to consecrate; well with you, each and all, till you join us at length in our higher worship in this brighter world, where we need no temple; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

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## REMARKS BY REV. FREDERIC W. HOLLAND.

I HAVE been desired, by one whose wish is more to me than most men's command, to speak upon the memories of associated thought and action which cluster around this spot.

The first time that I ever saw many clergymen together was in that room, at once a library and a parlor, and a vestry besides, which on Anniversary Week welcomed the Berry-street Conference. The first discussion that I heard (I should not like to say how many years ago) was upon the means of making the Communion-service more effective.

There were present, and engaged in the debate, many whom our city churches look back to with reverence, and others whom the country societies hold in tenderest regard. Time would fail me to recall them all, — the fervent Lowell; the devout Ware; the Whitmans, brothers in action; the Peabodys, brothers in spirit; the eloquent Pierpont; the scriptural Parkman; the accomplished Greenwood; the venerable Bancroft; the learned Francis; the gifted Channing. When, before, has such a body of divines been gathered, so earnest in spreading what they deemed truth, yet so tolerant of differing opinion; so respectful to others' rights, yet so resolute in maintaining their own; so pure in life, and so generous in spirit; so general in their culture, yet so devoted to their holy profession? What wonder that their earnest words impressed me permanently, even in my youth; that they imparted an abiding sense of the dignity of their calling, of the majesty of truth, and the beauty of holiness? Blessed be the memory of that free yet fraternal, that wise and prayerful brotherhood, which made this Ministerial Conference one of the most remarkable assemblages in church-history!

Another association connects that little hall with this hallowed shrine. To the catechism at my mother's knee succeeded the Sunday lessons upon Jewish literature, by one who has handled the literature of another Mediterranean land so admirably, in that modest vestry now the scene of a noble charity. It was an early stage in Sunday-school education; and the questions, I remember, were written by the professor himself upon paper-slips.

During our Holy Week, and year after year, the Christian friends of the young gathered within these hallowed walls, with song and psalm, with prayer, report, and address, to promote that sister-institution, — handmaid and nursery of the church, — the daughter, and sometimes the mother, of Zion. Under the excellent guidance of Stephen C.

Phillips, with one of our brethren, here present, as secretary, many delightful Wednesday evenings were thus spent, — full of encouragement, promise, peace, and praise. Here, from time to time, counsel was given to those who were following Christ's command to "feed his lambs;" impulse was given to fresh effort in behalf of the young, hope to those that were laboring without apparent fruit, and praise to any that had distinguished themselves in this "noblest charity of the age."

Surely my tongue ought to "cleave to the roof of my mouth," if, a sailor's son, I should forget, that when one, whom we love to call Father Taylor, could find no means to erect a decent altar for "those that go down to the sea in ships," this house assembled the merchant princes of Boston to express their sympathy for a true apostle, in unexpected generosity as well as by stirring words of hearty approval. And the North-Square Church grew out of the feeling here kindled and fostered. Other similar efforts in behalf of this most neglected class were encouraged and aided here; a lasting bond of fellowship was formed between this devoted laborer and brethren of a different name: nor is it too much to say, that every one, benefited at all by commerce, has cause to bless the Boston Port Society, and the timely, efficient, earnest espousal of its cause by this Christian congregation and its sympathizing friends.

The stone would "cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answer it," should we not recall, at this parting hour, the protracted series of Unitarian Association meetings held here. Till very recent times, the business meeting of this our central organization was held in the adjoining vestry; and the public meeting, immediately afterwards, in this house. What names come out on these falling walls as we gaze! — the fearless Bancroft, our first president; the gifted, eloquent, admired Story,

occupant of the same office; another leader still, then a star in the east, now gone up to shine in the firmament that passeth not away; and many, many others of the excellent, wise, gifted, fervent, brave among us, bringing to this altar their richest gifts of thought and hope, sending forth hence quickening words throughout the land and across the sea, — just as beneath the mountain-side in the Land of Promise gushes out a little rill, which by and by swells into the sacred Jordan, rolling down its impetuous, refreshing waters far and wide.

To learn that this was no sectarian movement, in no sectarian spirit, we need only recall the name of Tuckerman in his connection with this Association, through an institution which Story pronounced "one of the most glorious triumphs of Christianity over the reluctant doubts of society." Here his gentle hand was borne up to tear away the barriers of caste; here his apostolic voice proclaimed the brotherhood of the fallen; here he enlisted his devoted fellow-laborers in what he called "the remembrance of the forgotten," — three of whom share in our exercises now. Here the spirit of the sainted Channing has ever insured to the "Ministry at Large" its most generous aid.

As we remember those who have assisted in these various efforts, well may we repeat the poet's words: —

> "The forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door;
> The beloved, the true-hearted,
> Come to visit us once more."

A cloud of heavenly witnesses hover around us, while we run our race, "looking unto the Author and Finisher of our faith, who is set down at the right hand" of the Father to welcome every faithful laborer to share his joy and abide in his peace.

## REMARKS BY REV. AMOS SMITH.

The occasion which has assembled us speaks for itself so articulately and impressively, that no man can covet — nay, every man must shrink from — the office of conducting, even in part, these services. Words seem superfluous and an intrusion. Could this hour be spent by us here in meditative silence, voices from the past and voices from heaven would become almost audible to the rapt soul; the forms of venerable men and of sainted women — once worshippers in these courts, but now dwellers in the celestial city which needs no temple — would pass, in long procession, before the imagination; light as from on high would bring into clear vision the holy lessons and the hallowed recollections which we have come to lay to heart; all that is best within us would experience a divine uplifting; and, like the apostle on the Mount of Transfiguration, we should exclaim, "It is good to be here." But silence, how much soever more golden it may be than speech, custom permits not now; and, at the invitation of one whose expressed wish is in our esteem more authoritative than almost any other man's command, we, the clerical sons of this church, — sons, not by adoption, but Romans all by birth, — have come to speak the words, that would have been so much better spoken by himself, which may befit this hour of valediction.

With mingled emotions, Brethren of this Christian society, you have gathered here. It is not quite a festival of Thanksgiving that has this afternoon summoned from far and near the sons and daughters of this ecclesiastical household; nor yet, most certainly, is it a Fast. If this were the last season of worship in this house because your numbers had declined, and your ranks were almost dis-

banded, and the fire burned low on your altar, and debt and mortgage had swallowed up all; if these were the obsequies of a dead church, — then would this be indeed a day of fasting, not only to you and to multitudes beside in this city, but to thousands also in every part of our land, and to thousands beyond the sea. But very different, precisely the reverse, is your condition. You are but, as it were, pluming your wings to fly from glory to glory. With a history all honorable and illustrious, in the full enjoyment of all the elements which constitute a church's success and strength, and with a future as bright before you as the heart of man would dare to ask from Heaven, you are brought to this day, which only the advancing tide of commerce in our city has made for you a day of dispossession. The experiment which has so disastrously tried many a religious society — that, namely, of quitting an old and beloved place of worship for a new one — is to bring no harm to you, but, in many ways, a gain. And when, ere-long, that fairer temple shall open its completed portals for your admission, you will march to its possession, not a company thinned by dissensions or divided into parties, but with full ranks, in solid column, animated with one mind and one heart, — a true and living church of Christ, the Prince of Peace. No: this is not a Fast-day.

Yet there is so much of sadness in it, that it is not a season of Thanksgiving. It is not a day we are glad to see. Who is there of us that feels not a shadow resting on his spirit, in the thought that these are the last religious services on this spot, where for a hundred and thirty years has stood a house of prayer? Four generations of worshippers, offering here their praise and making their humble supplication to the Most High, have rendered *this* hallowed ground. There are cathedrals in the Old World, which, when one of the neighboring inhabitants enters them, excite in him the reverent and holy thought,

'Within these walls have many generations of my ancestors worshipped; upon these very stones they knelt; under these very arches and domes their aspirations were breathed out to God: and hither now have I, in my turn, come, to form my character also, to drink of the same fountain of spiritual life, and to nerve my soul to brave and lofty deeds like theirs. Here God answered their prayers and granted his grace: may I not hope, shall I not entreat him, that here he will visit me also with his strength and peace?' Would that similar sentiments could have been allowed time to reach their maturity in reference to this spot, whose sacred use dates back so far! Most grateful to the religious sensibilities would it be, if, for ages to come, it could still be graced and glorified with a Christian temple, remaining, amid surrounding changes and all the devastations of time, holy ground, century after century. But it cannot be. Its light as a place of prayer is to be extinguished this day; whatever claim it can advance to antiquity of sacred use, is to cease with the last Amen of these services; and after a few years, only an individual here and there, of the mighty throngs who shall traverse these thoroughfares, will know — or, knowing, will be at pains to remind himself — that a temple of the Lord ever stood here.

Ah! is it so? Is this spot so easily to sink into oblivion, and all its well-earned fame and hallowed associations to fade from the memory of man? Call the roll of those who worshipped and of those who ministered in the churches which preceded this on this spot, and you will see that it cannot be. Call then the roll of those who have worshipped in *this* sanctuary within the half-century it has stood here, — a list more illustrious than which, on the score of public spirit and of social influence, or more honored in the realm of letters, of jurisprudence, of humanity, of religion, shall hardly be produced by any church in the

land; then pronounce the names of those whose two ministries have filled out here those fifty years, — and you will have a demonstration, as it seems to me, that this plat of ground on which we are assembled — a mere finger's breadth, though it is, of the area of this metropolis — is yet large enough to be seen wherever the city is seen; and that, obscure as it is in these narrow streets, it has yet illumined the whole earth. Brethren, in the deeds by which you have alienated this estate, you have not conveyed what is really the most valuable part of it, — namely, the holy associations that cluster around it, the glorious memories that belong to it, the immortality of renown that has been ineffaceably stamped upon it. I care not that massive warehouses are soon to cover this tract of land, and the din of traffic to take the place of the hushed stillness of the house of God; I care not, if, in the mighty revolutions which the future infolds, this spot and all around it shall become again ploughed fields: this ground is still sacred for all time; the interest that belongs to it cannot wholly perish from human hearts. It has become indissolubly connected with the history of freedom, the history of Christianity, the history of the world's progression in this century.

Of the living I may not speak, how much soever I may desire to do so. Among the departed, there is one, whose name, for ever associated as it is with this, the scene of his public ministrations, warrants and sustains all I have asserted. I have but to utter the name of Channing, and the convictions of all your hearts respond, that, come what may of outward change here, a genius and spirit, a light and a glory, pervade this place, which, so long as the annals of this age shall endure, shall year by year attract hither many souls kindred to his, to excite into new life, as at a shrine, their zeal and love, their faith in man and Christ and God. We have recently seen how green were

the laurels of Burns at the close of a century: it is easy to believe, that not less fresh and living will the memory of Channing be at the end of a thousand years.

Channing! — that is a name which to-day is upon many lips; and you all confess, that one of the great sorrows which oppress you, in giving up this temple to be demolished, arises from its being so associated in your minds with him and his ministrations. It seems a desecration — and, but for imperative necessity, it would be such — to permit these walls, that have echoed with his voice, to be overthrown, and this pulpit, which was his joy and throne, to be removed out of its place. As to his ministry here, no words can swell the fame of its surpassing brilliancy and success. I know not what petitions were embraced in the ordaining prayer that consecrated him to the service of Christ; but, if his career is any indication, no blessing was left unasked for. What multitudes of souls have, in this sanctuary, been carried up near to the throne of God by the sweetness and wisdom, the elevation and spirituality, of his discourse, and by the inspiration of his devotion! How many sorrowing ones have his consolations soothed, how many tempted ones have his counsels strengthened, and to how many doubting and perplexed minds has he imparted the priceless satisfactions of a clear, consistent, cheering faith! Who, that waited for his words here sabbath by sabbath, did not feel all that was unworthy within them subdued, all that was good confirmed and quickened, and their souls fed with manna from heaven? And it is just this wherein is found the true history of this church. That history is not to be discovered in any volumes of local records, so much as it is to be read upon the fleshly tablets of hearts thus redeemed from sorrow and doubt, from weakness and transgression, and brought home to Christ. And though it was not for this place that those productions of his pen were prepared which have secured

to him his chief celebrity, still, in the universal regard, and justly, has this pulpit come to shine like the sun through his brave words — words heard round the world, and now a permanent part of its literature — in behalf of freedom, of temperance, of education, of self-culture, of the elevation of the laboring classes, of peace, of the Union; but, most of all, in behalf of that which underlies all, — a rational, a liberal, a progressive, a biblical theology. Blessed be God, that, though he created that physical frame so feeble, he enclosed in it so divine and unflinching a spirit, and enabled that loyal disciple of Christ to render such signal service to the churches of America bound in the affliction and iron of a gloomy theology! To the churches of America, do I say? Nay, to the Church universal, — to the cause of truth, of free inquiry, of piety, of a living Christianity, in all lands. Believing as I do, with every conviction of my mind and with every affection of my heart, that the system of theological doctrines which he promulgated and defended is consonant alike with Scripture and with reason; convinced, too, that it is steadily winning its way even where it seems to be most steadily resisted, — I rejoice — and, as I stand here especially, I cannot but express my joy — at the service which he has therein rendered; a service so distinguished for its achieved results, and so vast in its prospective influences.

Who that remembers that champion of truth and servant of God, who that recounts these manifold and precious and far-reaching benefits, and then looks at this temple and this pulpit, which stand — how impressive and pathetic memorials of him and of his deeds! — can help feeling grief that destroying hands are so soon to be at work here; that all this sacred fabric — the like of which, in our esteem, the whole earth presents not — is to be, erelong, a heap of ruins; and that the Gospel trumpet, which,

these many years, has been heard so awakeningly from this Zion, and never once has given an uncertain sound, is to be mute here henceforward?

But let us give thanks, that amid the fluctuations and changes of which the earth is full, yea, and even amid all the desolations of time and all the triumphs of death, the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ fail not, nor know the shadow of a change. Like the eternal I AM, they still abide, — the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

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## REMARKS BY REV. ROBERT P. ROGERS.

After all that has been said, and so admirably said, to-day, no one can be better aware than myself how little remains for me to speak of from this sacred desk. I have been invited, as the representative of two households once belonging to this church, to be present this afternoon, with others of my brethren similarly connected here, to offer one word of parting to this hallowed spot; a spot to which none of us can return for this last time, without a strange conflict of feelings in our breasts. Let me address you, therefore, for these few moments, as fellow-worshippers, as inmates together, in spirit and in truth, of this house of God for these many years.

But why do *I* speak of many years? I am the youngest of those whose privilege it is to address you to-day. And yet, I must confess, this is an occasion to make me feel no longer very young. The memories that fill this hour, and what I see before me, ought to be enough, I think, to disabuse me somewhat of the idea of youth. How much has happened, how much has passed, since, as a little child, I

was brought here first by my parents! And, when I look around in quest of familiar faces, there are not so many as I could wish whom I remember; few, I fear, who remember me. All this tells me of years gone by, the contemplation of whose changes and cares must convince any one most solemnly that he has left behind him the morning dreams, and entered upon the profounder responsibilities, of life. To my elders, however, it falls for the most part, to-day, to gather up and give voice to the precious memorials and admonitions of the past.

Yet it will be allowed me, out of filial respect and with a natural sense of honor for many family ties, to refer to those who have been nearest and dearest to me under this roof, and whose spiritual presence is upon this very air. Some of you may anticipate the most interesting of my recollections. My uncle's voice, that was lifted here to remind you of heaven, seems to be falling again upon my ear. I remember well, how, as a child, too young to understand much that he said in preaching, his look and tone, when reading one of his favorite hymns, impressed me with a sort of wonder and delight. I look down into the pew where I used to sit and listen, by my father's or mother's side. They are not there: and I am left, hardly to speak of them now, — only to remember.

Other ties there were which have bound me to this sanctuary. How many friends were seated up and down these aisles! The young have grown up out of my knowledge; the old have passed away. But one remains. He who has occupied this pulpit for thirty-five years; my minister and yours, our honored and beloved friend. To him I have always felt that I could turn for sympathy and counsel; and never have I turned to him in vain. Under his preaching I grew up. He ordained me for the Christian ministry. And I am grateful that he has permitted me to stand here once more, where I cannot but remember

all that he has been to myself and to those I love; and, for all this, I thank him from my heart.

But I must not indulge longer in these personal remarks. Turning from my own experiences, there is one fact, my friends, prominently before us this afternoon, to which I may just allude; and that is, that the influences of religious truth, as presented here, have done so much for the enlightenment and relief of the poorest, the most ignorant and wretched, of the race. What could be better proof of a successful ministry, if any such proof were needed now, than is before you in the persons of my respected brethren? Out of the nine or ten who have graduated from this church to be preachers of the word of life, three, with all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth, devoted themselves to carrying that triumphant gospel to the poor. To this extent, at least, and probably more than any of us can tell, has the Ministry at Large — one of the most beneficent institutions of the age — been indebted, under the blessing of God, to the incitements and encouragements received from this pulpit.

But it is the last time that the voice of worship will be heard within these walls. "It is the last time," — sad and appropriate words with which my brother began his selections from Scripture. Let us not, however, yield ourselves entirely to impressions of sorrow. You will go forth to another place of worship, carrying with you the associations that cover these walls as if with tablets, memories of the just made perfect, blessings of instruction and of comfort, that have visited you in this holy retreat in all times of need. You will go forth from this temple, bearing these treasures of a Christian faith with you, to another temple not less holy, where you may set up your altar and renew your vows. Go forth, then, with hope; and may that new sanctuary be as beautiful and complete and enduring in reality as it is in promise! And may it be to you, ay, to

all of us who have ever worshipped together here, and to multitudes unknown, and to generations yet unborn, — may it be as a gate to —

> "That other temple in the skies,
> Where dwells eternal love"!

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## REMARKS OF REV. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

[The remarks of Mr. Waterston, having been given without notes, can but imperfectly be recalled.]

Alluding, first, to the solemnity of the thought, that never again would a congregation assemble in this sacred place; that, in a few moments, the last hymn would be sung and the last prayer be offered within these walls, — he spoke of the hallowed associations which sanctified the spot, the memories of the past, the aspirations which had here been awakened, and the heavenly affections here kindled. To many, there was no place on earth so sacred. Here they had gained strength for the conflicts of life, and, in sorrow and bereavement, found Christian consolation! Here they had first become conscious of the sublime realities of the spiritual world; fresh light had broken upon them from the glorious gospel; and the will of God, as displayed alike through his word and his works, had been made clear.

Feelings not only of solemnity, but of sadness, fill our minds at this hour. We have here known and loved many who are no longer upon earth. Thus, as we worship here, we seem to be surrounded by a cloud of witnesses; and, when we leave this sanctuary, — as we shall soon do for ever, — another link will be severed, uniting us to much long dear to our hearts.

Mr. Waterston dwelt on the power of association, which gathers strength with time, and calls forth feelings of reverence and awe, as the thought of successive generations presses upon the mind. It is this which clothes with indescribable interest many of the churches and cathedrals of the Old World. In this connection, he alluded to the feelings with which he had visited, in Glasgow, the scene of Chalmers's labors, — the church which had resounded with his eloquence, and the districts in which he had made such continuous philanthropic efforts in behalf of the poor; in Edinburgh, the ancient Church of St. Giles, where the rapt multitude had been swayed by the fervor of John Knox; at Bemerton, near Salisbury, where the little church yet stands, embowered amid foliage, in which the humble peasantry listened to the instructions of George Herbert; in Geneva, where Calvin uttered his stern and stringent doctrines; and in lands yet further East, associated with the labors of the early Apostles. Often had he gone out from Naples to the hill overlooking that most beautiful bay, and traced in thought the progress of Paul, as the ship of Alexandria approached Italy, and the chief of the apostles landed at Puteoli, and thence proceeded to Rome. And even in the Eternal City, with all its throng of memories, there is nothing which can give to it such a hold upon the Christian mind as the thought that there Paul lived and labored.

When we consider the power of association, it seems, indeed, a misfortune, that, in a country in many respects so new and of such limited historic interest, this sanctuary, which has become identified with one of the most gifted minds our age has produced, should be destroyed. Now that the event, long feared, has become an unavoidable necessity, a sense of the serious loss to be sustained forces itself painfully upon the mind. Another ancient land-

mark is to be removed. A shrine to which the feet of pilgrims from many lands, through centuries to come, would have turned, is to be no more. The cherished Jerusalem of our faith must be levelled with the dust, and the scattered tribes of Israel, who have loved to come up hither, shall henceforth seek this spot in vain.

But, amid this sense of loss, is there no sustaining hope? Yes. If there are pleasures and advantages in associations binding us with the past, there are dangers also. The external may overbalance the spiritual; the local may come between us and the eternal. We see this tendency perpetually exemplified among all nations. Forms and ceremonies become predominant. The altar, and the gold upon it, are more considered than the spirit of devotion. Progress is rendered difficult, often impossible. Thus is truth retarded, and the best interests of humanity are crushed. This danger seems to have been foreseen by the great Founder of our religion. Not one mountain or temple was to be holier than another. Christianity is a religion, not of places, but of principles. It enjoins believers to forget the things which are behind, and to press forward.

Specially true to this idea was the distinguished teacher whose name is immediately associated with this place. His affections were as expansive as the world. He could have endured nothing which might be made a barrier to retard human Progress. It may, therefore, even be considered providential, that this house, connected with his memory, is to be wholly swept away, that we may concentrate our thoughts more entirely upon the truth he loved and the spirit he cherished; that, inspired by a kindred devotion, we may earnestly pursue our onward course, carrying out to yet nearer completion the great purposes of God.

# APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX.

## Note to Page 13.

A "Memoir of the Federal-street Church and Society," prepared by Judge Davis, and appended to Dr. Channing's sermon at the ordination of his colleague in 1824, contains a valuable sketch of the history of the congregation to that date. Judge Davis's long acquaintance with the society, and his fondness for historical inquiry, qualified him for the task, which he undertook as a labor of love. The materials for this memoir must, however, have been collected, in part, from oral testimony; the accuracy of which, in one or two points of little importance, may be questioned.

Judge Davis was a worshipper at the Federal-street meeting-house through the greater part of his long and useful and beautiful life. From an early period of his connection with the society, he showed his interest in its welfare by a ready co-operation in whatever would promote its prosperity. The respect and love with which he was universally regarded followed him to the grave. Among the many honored and lamented ones who have gone from the fellowship of our earthly service to a higher temple, none have left behind them a dearer or sweeter remembrance. The office of deacon, which he had held for nearly thirty years, he resigned only a few months before his death; when, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, he expressed a desire, on account of "the incident infirmities of protracted life, to be released from all public trusts and engagements." May I here record my gratitude to one who welcomed me to his house on my coming to Boston, and, more than friend, was as a father through the whole of our subsequent connection?

## Note to Page 14.

Berry Street, as it was usually called, was probably, in its original name, Bury Street. Drake's "History of Boston," p. 804, gives us the tradition, that it was "said to have been named Bury Street by Theodore Atkinson, who came from Bury in Lancashire, England." The name of Channing Street was substituted, by vote of the city government, in 1845.

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## Note to Page 15.

The first meeting-house was unquestionably very plain in its appearance. Judge Davis speaks of it as having been originally a barn. In the "Life of Dr. Belknap," it is described as "a low wooden building of one story;" and his biographer adds, that, "when the church was rebuilt, the original house was moved to Cow Lane, now High Street, and used as a bake-house by a man named Kettle."

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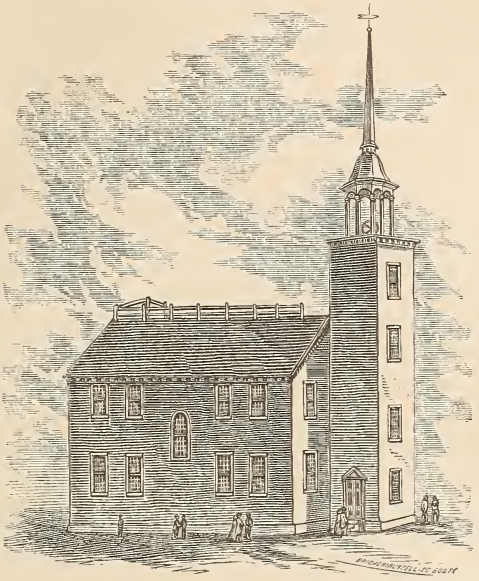
The second house, though it showed an increase of wealth in the society, was an edifice of modest pretensions. In the first number of the "Polyanthos" (in the octavo form), published October, 1812, was given a "View of the Presbyterian Meeting-house formerly standing in Federal Street, Boston;" which Judge Davis, who remembered the house, pronounces "a faithful representation." — "It was a wooden edifice, with a tower and spire; the tower fronting on Federal Street." In this tower were two doors; and the house was also entered by a door on Bury Street, opposite the pulpit, which was on the north side of the house. From a vote passed "at a special meeting of the Committee, 14th November, 1806," we are led to believe that the people, to a late period, thought more of their spiritual than of their bodily necessities: —

"Voted, That a stove be permitted to be placed in the Federal-street Church, without expense to the society; to be erected under the direction of the Church Committee; its use to be discontinued at any time when the Committee shall direct."

The engraving below is copied from the "Polyanthos," in which a few sentences are added by way of "historical sketch."

FEDERAL-STREET MEETING-HOUSE.



Erected 1744 : Removed 1809.

## Note to Page 16.

The "Panoplist," in the ninth number of the second volume (for February, 1807) contains a paper, entitled "Memoirs of Rev. John Moorhead,* First Minister and Founder of a Presbyterian Church in Boston," written "at the request of a respectable member and officer in the church," by one who, though he speaks of himself as much younger than Mr. Moorhead, was "well acquainted with him," and who is understood to have been the Rev. David M'Clure, D.D. Dr.

* The spelling of the name in the inscription, a copy of which is given on a subsequent page, probably represented the usual pronunciation, but was undoubtedly a mistake. The appearance of the plate which bears the inscription leads us to think it was prepared in haste.

M'Clure says, that "either before" the members of the congregation "left Ireland, or on their arrival, they invited Mr. Moorhead to be their minister, and he arrived in Boston soon after them." President Allen, in his Biographical Dictionary, says that "he arrived at Boston in 1729 or 1730." Judge Davis, however, says that "the Rev. Mr. Moorhead, then about twenty three years of age, accompanied" the emigrants who "arrived in Boston in the year 1727." To the record of baptisms, kept by Mr. Moorhead, in legible, though crowded lines, are prefixed the words: — "A List of all y^e^ Children and Adult persons to whom I have administer'd Baptism since my Settlement in Boston in y^e^ year 1730 March 31^st^." The similar record of marriages, also in Mr. Moorhead's handwriting, is introduced with the words: — "A list of Marriages from my Settlement March y^e^ 30^th^ 1730." The difference of a single day in the two dates may have arisen from clerical inaccuracy; but the difference in regard to the time of Mr. Moorhead's arrival in this country must be traced to the uncertainty of tradition. I am inclined to think that the year 1729 would be the true date.

Dr. M'Clure states that "Mr. Moorhead was born of pious and respectable parents, in Newton near Belfast. His father, who was a farmer, gave him the best advantages within his power, for improvement in learning." His faithfulness as a Christian minister is described in the warmest terms.

"Once or twice in the year, Mr. Moorhead visited all the families of his congregation, in town and country (one of the elders, in rotation, accompanying him), for the purpose of religious instruction. On these occasions, he addressed the heads of families with freedom and affection, and inquired into their spiritual state; catechized and exhorted the children and servants; and concluded his visit with prayer. In this last solemn act (which he always performed on his knees at home and in the houses of his people), he used earnestly to pray for the family, and the spiritual circumstances of each member as they respectively needed. In addition to this labor of family visitations, he also convened, twice in the year, the families, according to the districts, at the meeting-house; when he conversed with the heads of families, asking them questions on some of the most important doctrines of the gospel, agreeably to the Westminster Confession of Faith; and catechized the children and youth.

"He was unwearied in his endeavors to promote the edification and salvation of his people. His thoughts and plans of benevolence extended also to their temporal concerns. He encouraged the industrious by such small pecuniary aids as were within his ability to bestow, or solicited assistance for them. Virtuous strangers from North Britain and Ireland

were sure to find a friend in him. As a good bishop, he was given to hospitality. As a sample of this benevolence, allow me to mention, that it was his custom, when he heard of ministers from the country, who were strangers in Boston, at public-houses, to go or send for them to come to his hospitable roof.

"He was faithful and impartial in his duty as a reprover of error and vice in all their forms. While he rebuked with sharpness, he showed an affectionate concern for the offender; and, by meekness and condescension, labored to reclaim him. With equal cheerfulness, he visited the hut or the garret of the poor, and the parlor of the rich, to do them good. Some were offended at the severity of his reproofs, and withdrew from his society to others, where they could find more indulgence. He was universally respected by the good, and feared by those of the opposite character.

Mr. Moorhead was a plain, evangelical, and practical preacher. His discourses appeared to be extemporaneous. He expounded the Scriptures in course in the morning, and delivered a sermon in the afternoon. . . . . Four times in the year, he celebrated the Lord's Supper: they were seasons of great solemnity. On these occasions, he commonly had the assistance of one or two of his brethren, particularly the Rev. Mr. M'Gregore, and afterwards the Rev. Mr. Clarke of Londonderry; and once of the celebrated Mr. Whitefield, when every heart was moved by his solemn and enraptured performances. On these occasions, each minister served a table in rotation. At those seasons of fervent zeal in religion, the house could not contain the multitudes eager to hear the words of eternal life. The doors and windows were crowded with spectators."

The notice of Mr. Moorhead's death, in a newspaper of the day, makes us acquainted with the place of his residence: — "Died, Rev. John Moorhead, in the 70th year of his age. Funeral from dwelling-house near Liberty Tree."

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## Note to Page 17.

Of the ten years which intervened between the ministries of Mr. Moorhead and Mr. Annan, we know very little. Judge Davis, in his "Memoir," gives us merely these facts: —

"We are not informed particularly of the history of the church in the interval between the death of Mr. Moorhead and the instalment of the Rev. David Annan, as their pastor, in 1783. This period embraces the years of the Revolutionary War; and, during

some part of that time, religious worship was not regularly kept up in the society. After the evacuation of Boston by the British forces, in 1776, the Rev. Andrew Croswell, who returned to town from Plymouth, where he lived during the siege of Boston, was employed to preach at the church in Long Lane; his own society in School Street having fallen into decay, from which it never afterwards revived."

The Rev. *David* Annan, as I have understood, was a brother of the minister of Federal Street, whose name was Robert. From Rev. Dr. Morison I have learned that Robert was born in Cupar-Fife, Scotland; and, before he came to Boston, was settled in Wallkill, Orange County, N.Y.

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## Note to Page 20.

A "Life of Dr. Belknap, with Selections from his Correspondence and other Writings, collected and arranged by his Grand-daughter," was published in 1847. Some dates, not given in the sermon, may with propriety appear here. He was born June 4, 1744; and died June 20, 1798, being seized with apoplexy, which closed his life a very few hours after the attack. A "fragment of poetry," found after his decease, shows that "the manner of his death was singularly in accordance with his own preference;" while it furnishes evidence of his facility of versification.

"When faith and patience, hope and love,
Have made us meet for heaven above,
How blest the privilege to rise,
Snatched in a moment to the skies;
Unconscious to resign our breath,
Nor taste the bitterness of death!
Such be my lot, Lord, if thou please,
To die in silence and at ease.
When thou dost know that I'm prepared,
Oh! seize me quick to my reward.
But if thy wisdom sees it best
To turn thine ear from this request;

If sickness be the appointed way
To waste this frame of human clay;
If, worn with grief and racked with pain,
This earth must turn to earth again, —
Then let thine angels round me stand;
Support me by thy powerful hand:
Let not my faith or patience move,
Nor aught abate my hope or love;
But brighter may my graces shine,
Till they're absorbed in light divine!"

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Dr. Belknap was ordained at Dover, Jan. 18, 1766; and decided to leave Dover in September, 1786, in consequence of "the embarrassment occasioned by the non-payment of his salary:" which, in his own words, was "a continual source of vexation both of body and mind; taking off my attention from my proper business, and unfitting me for the duties of my station." On the 28th of January, 1787, he was invited to the Federal-street meeting-house by a vote of "the Proprietors and others of the church." The letter addressed to him by "the Proprietors' Committee" bears the signatures of "Simon Elliot, Rob. McNeill, Robert Wier, Jno. Boies, Moses Black, Archibald McNeil, Thomas Lamb." Before his installation, a letter signed "Moorhead's Ghost," and "directed to the *once* Presbyterian Society in Boston," was received by one of the deacons, "intimating that their pastor elect was a Universalist; wondering that they should choose such a man, as much as if Murray himself were chosen;" and "advising them to put certain questions" to him. Mr. Belknap immediately met the Committee, and made a frank statement of his views on the questions presented in the letter. A passage from this statement is worthy of preservation and careful perusal: — "Whether the second death is an utter extinction of being, or whether the wicked will be delivered from it by another resurrection, are points which I cannot determine; nor do I think the Scriptures afford us full satisfaction on these subjects: so that I expect no full solution in this world, and am fully contented with believing that the surest way for us is to believe in Christ, to fear God, and work righteousness, in obedience to the gospel, and thus secure our own happiness, without prying too curiously into the secret and future designs of God." He also signified his "contentment, if, upon this declaration of my mind, the Committee see fit to

recommend to the society to recall the invitation they have given me to settle with you." The Committee showed their sound judgment in "not thinking the matters in question so essential as to suspend their proceedings. Some of them said they differed from me in their apprehension of these points; but, as we agreed in the main truths of Christianity, — faith, repentance, and holiness, and salvation through Jesus Christ, — there was no need of further debate."

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"As a preacher," says the author of the "Life," "he was earnest in his exhortations, but simple in his manner of address. His voice was clear, and well modulated; but he used no gesticulations to enforce his arguments. His sermons were eminently practical; and his aim was to improve the hearts and lives of his people, rather than to disturb their minds with the discussion of controverted points of Christian doctrine. He considered his relation as a minister of the gospel as the noblest that man could sustain to his fellow-man; and he faithfully fulfilled its requirements, from the time when he entered upon its sacred duties to the last hours of his earthly existence."

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One of the most interesting passages of Dr. Belknap's life was his connection with the abolition of slavery in this Commonwealth. The circumstances are very clearly stated in the little volume to which I have already been largely indebted.

"In the month of February, 1788, three negroes were decoyed on board a vessel in Boston Harbor, and taken to the Danish island of St. Bartholomew, where they were offered for sale. This infamous transaction excited great indignation in the community; and Mr. Belknap consulted some of his friends as to the practicability of improving this feeling to effect the abolition of slavery in the State. His brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Eliot, agreed with him, that the time was most opportune; but said the difficulty in such cases was, who should step forward; and recommended him to suggest to the Association of Ministers, at their next meeting, a petition to the General Court, whose session was then about to commence: if he failed to gain the co-operation of the ministers, to apply to the Humane Society; and, at all events, to have a petition draughted. This advice, Mr. Belknap complied with. He drew up a petition, which his friends pronounced 'incapable of amendment;' gained the support of the Association, and of a large number of citizens beside. The blacks also presented a petition, written by Prince Hall, one of their number; and there was one

from the Quakers, presented at a former session, lying on the table. The effect of this movement, so judiciously timed, was the passage of an Act, March 26, 1788, 'to prevent the slave-trade, and for granting relief to the families of such unhappy persons as may be kidnapped or decoyed away from this Commonwealth.'"

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Besides his "History of New Hampshire" and his "American Biography," Dr. Belknap published "The Foresters; an American Tale," which reached a second edition. On the 22d October, 1792, he "delivered, at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a Centennial Discourse, intended to commemorate the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus." The "Convention Sermon" was preached by him in 1796. Other sermons from his pen were given to the press. The first edition of his "Sacred Poetry, consisting of Psalms and Hymns adapted to Christian Devotion in Public and Private, selected from the best Authors, with Variations and Additions," was published in 1795. "Several of the hymns," we are told, were "of his own composition." This book continued to be used by the Federal-street society till the year 1837, when Greenwood's "Collection" was adopted in its place.

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Dr. Belknap's funeral took place on the 22d of June; the procession passing from his residence in Lincoln Street to the meeting-house, where a sermon was preached by Dr. Kirkland, then minister of the New South Church, from John ix. 4. One or two extracts from this discourse will show the impression he had made on those who knew him best: —

"With what diligence and zeal he strove to acquire and communicate Christian knowledge, none present can be ignorant. Seizing the early hours of the day, superior to the enticements of indolence, abhorring idleness, finishing whatever study or inquiry he had begun, and using recreations and visits as preparations for serious pursuits, his mind was enriched with a large store of theological and evangelical learning. But his ardent curiosity did not confine itself to the mere studies of his profession. Not by slighting any of the public or private duties of his office, but by superior economy of time, and industry, he redeemed leisure to carry his researches into other fields of literature suited to gratify his taste and increase his usefulness. How well he joined to theology and general

literature the knowledge of human nature and the characters of men was evinced by his discourses, adapted to real life, and unfolding the secret springs of action; and by his conversation and behavior, suited to persons, times, and places."

"How he magnified the office of the Christian ministry, you and others who enjoyed his ministrations, who joined in his prayers, who listened to his preaching, and saw him in the private duties of his station, can better conceive than I describe. If a judicious and seasonable choice of subjects, pertinency of thoughts, clearness of method, and warmth of application; if language plain and perspicuous, polished and nervous; if striking illustrations; if evangelical doctrines and motives; if a seriousness and fervor, evincing that the preacher's own mind was affected; if a pronunciation free and natural, distinct and emphatical, — are excellences in public teaching, you have possessed them in your deceased pastor. . . . You are witnesses what is lost, no less in private conduct and example than in public ministrations. . . . You are witnesses how useful was his conversation, how simple and unaffected were his manners."

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## Note to Page 21.

From "Minutes of the Debates in the Convention," preserved among the memoranda of Dr. Belknap's interleaved almanacs, he appears to have been a frequent attendant and careful listener. These minutes are printed in the account of "the Belknap Donation," given in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1855–1858." I copy the memoranda which relate to the use of the meeting-house by the Convention: —

"Wednesday, Jan. 9. — The Convention of this Commonwealth met at the State House in this town to consider the new Constitution of Government for the United States.

"Thursday, 10th, P.M. — The Representatives' Room being too small to contain them, they removed to Mr. Thacher's meeting-house.

"Friday, 11th. — The meeting-house being too large and high to hear one another, they got tired of it; and on —

"Saturday, 12th, returned to the State House.

"Monday, 14th. — They complain of the place as too much crowded, and the air unwholesome; but the weather is, and has been for some days, extremely cold. However, on —

"Tuesday, 15th, they chose a Committee to provide some other place. This Committee came to me to speak for our meeting-house in Long Lane. I informed our society's Committee of it, and they agree to meet them to-morrow.

"Wednesday, 16th. — Our meeting-house in Long Lane preparing for the reception of the Convention to-morrow. Several carpenters and other tradesmen exerted themselves to fit the house; and Thursday, P.M., the Convention removed into it."

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## Note to Page 23.

Dr. Popkin was born in Boston, June 19, 1771. He graduated at Cambridge in 1792, and afterwards held the office of tutor in the College from 1795 to 1798. He was installed over the First Parish in Newbury about two years after leaving Boston; where he remained till October, 1815, when he removed to Cambridge to take charge of the College Professorship of Greek, from which he was transferred, in 1826, to the Eliot Professorship of Greek, which he held till 1833. He spent the remainder of his life in Cambridge, in the quiet and happy seclusion which was so consonant to his tastes. His death took place on the 2d of March, 1851, when he had almost reached the age of eighty.

"In person, Dr. Popkin was of a tall and manly figure. His walk was upright, and his step was firm and vigorous. His brain was large and massive, and his head well-proportioned and grand. The character of his face strongly resembled the old prints of John Dryden. No one could approach him without feeling the power as well as the singularity and antique simplicity of his presence."

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From notices in the papers of the time, it appears that the Ordination services at Federal Street were attended at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 10th of July, 1799.*

"On Wednesday last, the Rev. John S. Popkin, of this town, was ordained to the pastoral charge of the church of Christ in Federal Street.

* The "16th of July," given as the date in Prof. Felton's "Memorial," must be a misprint.

The Rev. Mr. Wright, of Bolton, introduced the solemnities by prayer. The Rev. Dr. Eliot delivered a liberal, judicious, and appropriate sermon from these words of the apostle to the Corinthians: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' The Rev. Dr. West prayed previous to the charge, which was given by the Rev. Dr. Howard. The right hand of fellowship was presented by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, in an affectionate and pathetic manner; and the closing prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop."

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In 1852, a volume was published, entitled "A Memorial of the Rev. John Snelling Popkin, D.D., late Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, edited by Cornelius C. Felton, his successor in office;" consisting principally of selections from the lectures and sermons which Dr. Popkin had left. To these selections, Prof. Felton prefixed a biographical sketch, — a delightful specimen of just and graceful biography. A few extracts from this sketch may set Dr. Popkin's character more distinctly before readers of the present generation: —

"Dr. Popkin's whole life was marked by kindness, honesty, and piety. He had, more than most men, 'that simplicity wherein nobleness of nature most largely shares.' The prominent features of his religious character were reverence, conscientiousness, charity, and moderation. His views were what are called Evangelical, as distinguished both from Unitarianism and Rationalism; but he never engaged in theological controversy, and did not like to be called after the leader of any particular sect. 'To confess the truth,' he says, 'and that without pride or pleasure, but rather, on some accounts, with regret, I have not much followed any man or system, though I highly respected both my teachers. I have sought, very imperfectly, to derive my sentiments from the Bible. I was *approbated* by the Boston Association, I suspect, as a person well known, but known as an anomaly, and admitted in charity. I like what is commonly understood by the term 'evangelical' preaching, but not the extremes on any side. Yet these extremes appear to be the very essence, the essential points, of the various systems; and for this reason, that they are the chief points of difference, and are therefore most closely and stoutly fenced and opposed and defended. And these points are such as are most beyond our comprehension. In my humble opinion, religion is, or ought to be, in its highest points, more a matter of sentiment than definition.'

"In the course of his clerical life, he published a few occasional sermons. Those discourses are models of excellence, both in matter and manner. In soundness of thought, clearness of expression, and strength of style, they remind us of the better class of the old English divines.

"His acquaintance with the Scriptures rested upon a profound knowledge of the original languages in which they were written. During the latter years of his life, he abandoned classical literature almost wholly, and devoted all his remaining energies to the reverent study of the Old and the New Testament, especially the former, in the Hebrew and the Septuagint translation.

"So lived, so thought, worked, and died, Dr. Popkin, — a man of rare abilities, who shunned the public eye, but left the stamp of fine qualities, and rich individuality of character, on the minds of many distinguished men who have been educated, within the last half-century, at Harvard University."

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## Note to Page 26.

The corner-stone was laid April 11, 1809. The only reference to the occasion in the Proprietors' "Records" is contained in this short paragraph: —

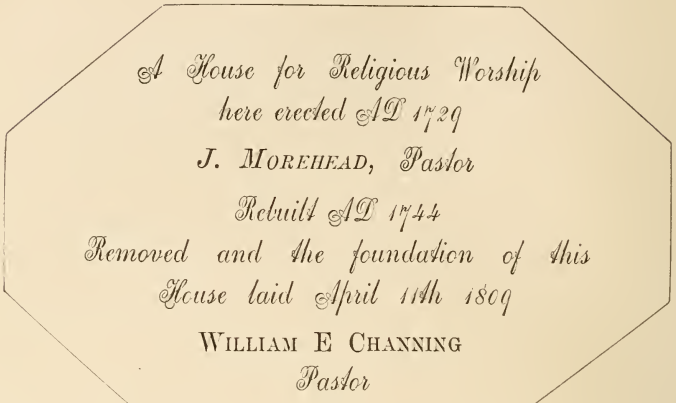
"Boston, 11th April, 1809. — The corner-stone of the new meeting-house in Federal Street was laid this day, at twelve o'clock, by the Rev. William E. Channing, Pastor of the Society."

A journal, kept by the late Samuel H. Walley, Esq., — which, through the kindness of one of his family, I have been permitted to see, — gives us a little additional information: —

"April 11, 1809, Tuesday. — Rev. W. E. Channing this morning laid the corner-stone (S.E.) of the new house of worship erecting in Federal Street. Rev. Dr. Kirkland and Judge Davis, Deacon Wright and myself, assisted. Prayer previous."

Mr. Eli Curtis of Scituate, who was one of the workmen on the building, and was present at the laying of the corner-stone, has furnished us with an account of the ceremony. As his recollection, however, about the plate, is inexact, its accuracy in other respects may be doubtful. He says that "there were about twenty or twenty-four ladies and gentlemen present, who proceeded to the house adjoining; and there prayer was offered, in which the reverend clergyman sought that no harm might occur during the erection: and no accident befell the laborer."

We give an exact copy of the inscription on the plate which was found when the building was taken down in 1859: —




From Mr. Walley's journal, we learn that on "March 26, 1809, Lord's Day, in the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Channing preached from Ps. xxvi. 8. This discourse was occasioned by the contemplated destruction of our present house of worship in the course of this week; in which we shall, consequently, never meet again. His discourse was appropriate, solemn, and affecting. The house was very much crowded."

Neither the sermon preached on leaving the old meeting-house, nor that delivered at the dedication of the new house, appears to have been printed. The extract on pages 28, 29, is taken from the manuscript, which has been kindly put into my hands.

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During the interval between the removal of the old and the completion of the new meeting-house, the Federal-street congregation worshipped at Church Green; the ministers of the two societies preaching alternately. As they were on the point of entering their new house, the Proprietors passed the following vote of thanks: —

"Nov. 18, 1809. — Voted, That the thanks of this society be given to the religious society of the New South Meeting for the friendly and acceptable accommodation offered and afforded to members of this society, in

their place of worship, while our new house has been building; that this vote be communicated to said society by the deacons; and that they invite the reverend minister and people of that society to attend with us the dedication of the new meeting-house on Thursday next, and also request their minister to assist ours on that day."

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The erection of the meeting-house appears to have proceeded without delay. The cost, when the work was completed, was found to have been $34,457.57. The walls of the house, including the porch, measured ninety-three feet in length and seventy-two feet in breadth. It contained ninety pews on the floor, and twenty-six in the galleries. The interior was singularly free from those defects, in regard to sight and sound, which are a frequent cause of annoyance in Protestant houses of worship. The pulpit was remarkable for the convenience which it afforded, without offending the eye by its size; as was shown on the last day of its use, when ten persons were comfortably seated within its enclosure. The architect to whom the society were indebted for so commodious an edifice was the late Charles Bulfinch, Esq. From a vote passed after a few months' trial of their new sanctuary, we are led to think, that, in one feature, its appearance was different from that with which we have been familiar: —

"March 4, 1811. — Voted, That there be a window, or windows, back of the pulpit; it being found necessary for the admittance of light and air."

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An organ was first provided, on entering the new meeting-house, in 1809; a second instrument of the same kind took its place in 1822; and a third, made by the Messrs. Hook, was used for the first time, Jan. 26, 1845. Gas was introduced in 1842.

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The hymns sung at the dedication may all be found in Greenwood's Collection; viz., Psalm 87 of Belknap's (Hymn 529 of Greenwood's), Psalm 100 of Belknap's (Hymn 1 of Greenwood's), Psalm 132 of Belknap's (Hymn 17 of Greenwood's, in part).

The engraver has given a faithful view of the exterior.

FEDERAL-STREET MEETING-HOUSE.

Erected 1809 : Removed 1859.

The bell, which had for thirty-five years called the worshippers to Federal Street, was displaced by one, probably, of greater size or sweeter tone; but was not allowed to relinquish its sacred service. At a meeting of the proprietors, Dec. 3, 1810, it was —

"Voted, That the bell which belonged to the old meeting-house be presented to the society in Newton, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Homer."

The letter of the "Special Committee," intrusted with conveying the gift, shows that the Proprietors did but follow an example by which they had themselves been benefited.

"Brethren, — Since the erection of our new meeting-house, a new bell has been provided, which renders our old one useless to us. This was

given by the Brattle-street Society, in 1773, when that society received a donation of a new bell from the late Gov. Hancock. We are unwilling that that which has so long been the monitor for Christian worship should now be devoted to any other use: and, having learned that you are destitute of a bell for your meeting-house, we are induced to hope that this may be acceptable to you; and we desire you to receive it as a testimony of our Christian fellowship and brotherly love."

A reply was received, "expressive of the warmest gratitude for this benefaction, the value of which is greatly enhanced by the sentiment you express in the conclusion of your letter accompanying the bell. You desire us 'to receive it as a testimony of your Christian fellowship and brotherly love;' which sentiment we do most sincerely reciprocate, and beg you to accept our best wishes for your prosperity and happiness individually and as a Christian society."

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## Note to Page 31.

As these "Lines" contain, I presume, the only attempt ever made to celebrate the beauties of our meeting-house in verse, and will probably be new to every one under whose eye they shall now fall, their perusal may afford some pleasure. They appeared in the "Columbian Centinel" of Nov. 22, 1809.

"LINES

*On viewing the new Meeting-house in Federal Street.*

Crowned with new grace, with towering height sublime,
Like a fair phœnix rising in its prime, —
'Mid circling domes in humbler grandeur spread,
This sacred temple rears its matchless head;
Whose spire majestic, piercing through the air,
Lifts its proud point to heaven, and glitters there.
What though its Gothic form, by taste refined,
Speak the rare genius of the gifted mind;
What though the hand of skill would here impart
A lasting image of creative art;
Though the fine artist here might richly trace
The perfect harmony of strength and grace,
While o'er each 'curving line' in silent praise
The eye, unwearied, points its ardent gaze;

Though the full mind its quick perception give,
And the bright column through the fancy live:
'Tis not to these the heart delighted soars,
And through the tear-drop all its rapture pours;
Nor yet for these the yielding soul would raise
Its grateful homage through the voice of praise.
To thee, great God! the rising thought would swell,
While on this spot remembrance loves to dwell.
Through these blest walls thy sacred truth shall flow,
Like *oil of gladness* on the breast of woe;
Here shall the beam of hope, with force divine,
Spread its clear light, and through the bosom shine;
Here shall the lip of inspiration move,
Like heavenly music through the voice of love;
Here the bright sparks of genius shall respire,
Like the quick flashes of electric fire;
While through each heart the mellowed accents roll,
To calm the passions and exalt the soul.

To thee, great God! the tribute tear shall flow,
Warm from that heart where all thy mercies glow.
Here did thy guiding care direct the way
Which bowed this spirit to thy sovereign sway.
Thou Best of beings! taught by thee, how sweet
Bloomed thy fair path beneath these wayward feet!
Here did thy pity every doubt remove,
Through the full stream of thy forgiving love;
Here did thy smile of peace, before this sight,
Unveil the vision of celestial light;
Here the dark mists of error passed away,
Like gathering clouds before the dawning day;
Here the vain world no pleasure left behind
To lure my youth or cheat the aspiring mind;
But Thou the richest blessing did impart,
And stamped *thy* image on this grateful heart.

Long may thy light within this sacred place
Attract new souls before thy throne of grace,
Which, like the rays of that o'erflowing light,
Shall rise and flourish with increasing height,
Pure as their source, diffusing o'er the earth
The warmth which animates their *second birth!*
Then, like the glorious sun, whose beams decline
To rise more brilliant with a light divine,
Rich as thy grace shall burst each cloud away,
And shine resplendent through eternal day."

## Note to Page 33.

The Vestry was built in consequence of a letter addressed by Dr. Channing in May, 1818, to the Standing Committee; which letter was printed, with a plan for carrying out his suggestion, by means of a voluntary subscription, appended, and was distributed through the society. In a report, made many years afterwards, on a proposition for the sale of the vestry, the reasons given by Dr. Channing for its erection are presented in a condensed form; and have a peculiar interest, from the reference they contain to institutions at that time connected with the church: —

"The objects in contemplation were, to have a place for catechizing and instructing the children of the society; a singing-school; a charity-school, then existing (and which has continued until a recent date), supported by our society and the New South church, and conducted, in part, by young ladies of the church; a Sunday school, then just commenced; accommodation for meetings of the church, or other portions of the society, for which the common place of worship is too large; and for meetings of young ladies of the society, accustomed to meet for the purpose of being instructed by the pastor, — with a prospective view to similar meetings of young men; and, finally, for the reception of a Parish Library, considered as promising great and lasting benefit to the society."

The report gives a succinct account of the progress of the undertaking: —

"These overtures were promptly sustained by the Standing Committee; and, upon being communicated to the society, were received with general approbation. A subscription was opened, and the sum of $3,890 was offered for the accomplishment of the object, by a subscription from one hundred and twenty-one individuals, members of the society. A lot of land adjoining the Parish House was purchased; a Building Committee was appointed; and on the 5th of December, 1818, that Committee announced the completion of the building."

The whole expense of the building and land was $3,928.48. A library was commenced by the purchase of eighty volumes belonging to the late Rev. S. C. Thacher, and was increased by donations from members of the society; but it seems never to have come into general use till it was removed into a room under the porch of the meeting-house, which was provided by the Standing

Committee in 1848. The proposition for the sale of the vestry did not prevail; and, an attempt to purchase land in the rear also failing, the building continued to be used for occasional meetings. It did not furnish sufficient accommodation for the Sunday school; but for many years gathered in, through the week, the children of the neighborhood, who received the instruction of the charity school long taught by one who has now passed into a higher world.

Of late years, the vestry had become so inconvenient, in consequence of its remoteness from the residence of most of the congregation, and disagreeable from the want of free ventilation, that it was not used for religious meetings. Two years before its removal, it was turned to a purpose not less Christian, to which allusion is made in the discourse. On the application of Miss Harriet Ryan, it was granted to her for a hospital which she proposed to establish for women who were suffering under the fatal malady of consumption, or, in some instances, from other disease, and were unable to provide comfortable nursing for themselves. With equal ingenuity and humanity, she converted the building, by a few alterations, into a neat and commodious home for about a dozen patients, to whom she showed herself a true "sister of charity." The expenses of the institution were met by the liberality of friends, whom Miss Ryan's disinterested and trustful spirit inspired with sympathy. A sincere member of the Roman-Catholic Church, she allowed no sectarian or ecclesiastical influences to control her beneficence; and threw around the vestry, which we had thought unfit for any sacred use, an atmosphere of love and peace that made it "holy ground." On her suggestion, and in compliance with her earnest desire, the hospital was known by the name of the "Channing Home." When it became necessary to leave Berry Street, it was removed to a larger and pleasanter house in South Street.

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The parsonage was built before the vestry. At a meeting of the Proprietors, held Oct. 12, 1803, "the Standing Committee communicated to the society, that, according to the agreement made with the Rev. Mr. Channing, a dwelling will be wanted for him some time next year." The Committee were "authorized to sell the pews in the meeting-house belonging to the society" (which had been recently "erected in the galleries"), and apply the proceeds "towards buying a dwelling-house." At a meeting held March 5,

1804, the Committee were "authorized to build, buy, or hire a dwelling-house for the use of the minister, as they shall think best." From a subsequent record, it appears that an agreement had been made for the purchase of a house in Federal Court; which the owner was unwilling to fulfil. The Committee must have proceeded to erect a house; for in the "Act declaring and confirming the Incorporation of the Proprietors," passed June 15, 1805, they were empowered to "raise such sums of money as they shall judge necessary," not only for the support of public worship, but for other "parochial and incidental expenses, including any sums that may be due for the completion of the ministerial house lately erected by the said proprietors, on the lot adjoining said meeting-house, for the accommodation of the minister." The debt incurred by building the parsonage was liquidated by the sale of pews in the new meeting-house; which yielded a considerable excess over the cost of its erection.

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## Note to Page 36.

The dates of Dr. Channing's life are known to every one who has read the "Memoir," prepared with such a reverential and faithful love by his nephew, and published, in three volumes, in 1848. Born in Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780, he died at Bennington, Vt., Oct. 2, 1842: having spent a year and a half of his early life in Virginia; a little more than a year, at a later period, in Europe; and the winter of 1830 in Santa Cruz, which he visited in the hope of benefit to his health. The rest of his life was divided between Newport; Cambridge; Portsmouth, R.I., where he usually spent his summers; and Boston.

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Dr. Channing was solicited to allow himself to be considered a candidate for the Brattle-street pulpit, in which he preached before receiving the invitation from Federal Street. His reasons for refusal are given in a letter which may be found in the "Memoir" (i. 166, 7).

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Dr. Channing's Ordination took place on Wednesday, June 1, 1803. The introductory prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Holmes, of Cambridge; the sermon was preached by Rev. Prof. Tappan, of Harvard University, from Ephes. iii. 8, 9; the ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Medford; the charge was given by Rev. Henry Channing, of New London; the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Tuckerman, of Chelsea; and the concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Eckley, of Boston.

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It has been said, in the pulpit and from the press, that Dr. Channing renounced the Unitarian faith at the close of his life. The statement has been repeated, after a denial of its justice by those who were best informed on the subject; and my testimony may, therefore, have little weight with such as find it easy to make their credulity follow their wish. I am glad, however, of an opportunity to speak, as I think I may, with confidence and emphasis, of the incorrectness (a harsher word would not be out of place) of such an assertion. What Dr. Channing said, in the latter years of his life (Memoir, i. 161), was true to the end: — "I was never, in any sense, a Trinitarian." Only one unacquainted alike with the character of Dr. Channing's mind and with his style of expression, could have found a shadow of proof to the contrary in his language. Neither his disavowal of sympathy with the denominational action of Unitarians, nor the apostrophe at the close of his Lenox Address, affords the slightest ground for imputing to him a change of doctrinal belief. The intimation, that his convictions underwent a change in his last illness, should be put to rest by the explicit contradiction of his biographer, who, more than any one else, was authorized to speak on the subject. I quote his decisive language: —

"I feel as if it were insulting the memory of my uncle to refer even to the assertion, that, on his deathbed, he changed his opinions. But the urgency of many correspondents induces me here to say, once for all, that there was no foundation whatever for such a rumor. Weakness, the violence of fever, and the earnest desire for his restoration, prevented conversation, on his part and ours. But every word, act, look, showed us how perfect was his peace. Every word that he is known to have spoken, indicating his own religious opinions and feelings, is recorded on the preceding pages. This distinct statement should for ever put an end to the calumny referred to, among all honest men."

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The funeral services, after Dr. Channing's death, were attended at the meeting-house; the interment following, at Mount Auburn. At a meeting of the congregation, Oct. 9, 1842, a Committee was chosen, who, at an adjourned meeting, were directed to "carry into effect the provisions reported by them for erecting a monument, that might in some degree express the sense, entertained by those whose Christian teacher he had long been, of his character and of what they must always owe to him." A subscription, amounting to nearly two thousand dollars, was immediately made by members of the congregation; and a monument, the design of which was furnished by the late Mr. Allston, was placed over his remains. In their final report, the Committee speak of a duty which would still remain for the congregation to discharge. The sacredness of the trust, which the congregation assumed by a subsequent vote, and the impressiveness of the language in which it is described, justify our extracting this part of the report: —

"They feel that yet one more duty growing out of this solemn dispensation still rests, and should continue to rest, upon us and those who may come after us. They feel that a connection should always be maintained between this congregation and the spot where are deposited the remains of the Christian pastor who has done so much to consecrate and bless our past meetings by his labors, his instructions, and his prayers. To us, indeed, of the passing generation, that spot can never be other than holy ground. But we would have it such for our children, and for the long train of future generations, who, as they rise up, may thus have their thoughts turned more distinctly towards that great servant of God, by whose exertions chiefly this society was made what it now is, and whose teachings here will, we trust, be familiar to them, in some good degree, as they are to us, and sink into their hearts as they have sunk into ours. To their pious and faithful care, when we shall be no longer here, we therefore commend the monument we have erected over the remains of our loved and venerated pastor; trusting that the duty which will thus fall on them may be one of the means, under God's providence, for continuing and advancing among them, through all future time, the spirit of that religion to which he devoted his life. And to assist and to insure, as far as may be in our power, the fulfilment of this duty hereafter, the Committee submit the following resolution: —

"Resolved, That the unexpended balance of the moneys raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Channing, in the cemetery at Mount Auburn, be paid over to the Treasurer of the Proprietors of the Congregational Meeting-house in Federal Street; the Proprietors, on their part, pledging themselves to keep the monument in good condition and repair for ever."

## Note to Page 39.

The "Berry-street Conference" took its name from the vestry in which, for many years, it held its annual meeting, on the Wednesday morning of Anniversary Week. It was a voluntary association of ministers, with very little of formal organization. Since its removal to the more agreeable accommodation afforded by the Bedford-street vestry, it has been known under the name of the "Ministerial Conference." Dr. Channing delivered the address at the first meeting, in 1820, and, in a few sentences, described the purposes entertained by those with whom the plan of such an annual assembling of clerical brethren had originated: —

"The views and dispositions which have led to this meeting may easily be expressed. It was thought by some of us, that the ministers of this Commonwealth, who are known to agree in what are called liberal and catholic views of Christianity, needed a bond of union, a means of intercourse, and an opportunity of conference, not as yet enjoyed. It was thought, that, by meeting to join their prayers and counsels, to report the state and prospects of religion in different parts of the Commonwealth, to communicate the methods of advancing it which have been found most successful, to give warning of dangers not generally apprehended, to seek advice in difficulties, and to take a broad survey of our ecclesiastical affairs and of the wants of our churches, much light, strength, comfort, animation, zeal, would be spread through our body. . . . For these ends, it was proposed that an annual meeting should be held, which should be spent in prayer, in hearing an address from one of our number, in offering reports as to the state of our churches, and in conference as to the best methods of advancing religion. . . . I have only to add, that, in one particular, they were agreed, — that, whilst the meeting should be confined to those who harmonize generally in opinion, it should be considered as having for its object, not simply the advancement of their peculiar views, but the general diffusion of practical religion and of the spirit of Christianity."

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## Note to Page 40.

The several propositions which were made for a change in our place of worship, after the inconvenience of the location in Federal

Street had become apparent to many members of the society, were unsuccessful, chiefly in consequence of the difficulty of finding another situation, at once agreeable and not held at too high a price. After many inquiries, and a very thorough consideration of the subject, it was finally, on the 1st of October, 1858, "Resolved," at a meeting of the Proprietors, by a vote of fifty-six yeas to six nays, "that the Prudential Committee are hereby authorized and instructed to make a sale and conveyance of the real estate of the proprietors on Federal and Channing Streets." The land on which the meeting-house, vestry, and parsonage stood, was accordingly sold at public sale, on the 5th day of March, 1859, and, with the buildings disposed of at a subsequent sale, yielded the net sum of $121,629.32. By a second vote, the same Committee were instructed to purchase a "certain lot of land on the corner of Boylston Street and the new marginal street, for the purpose of the erection of a meeting-house."

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## Note to Page 41.

The exercises of the afternoon of March 13 were conducted by ministers who, in their childhood, had belonged to the Federal-street congregation, — "sons of the parish;" who kindly consented, even at some personal inconvenience, to take part in our farewell services. Another, who had also been of our number in his boyhood (Rev. Edward A. Renouf), was unable to be present.

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